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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



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QUEEN OF SHEBA'S VISIT TO KING SOLOMON

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA'S VISIT TO KING SOLOMON is one of the most famous incidents in the history of the ancient world. The beautiful picture shown herewith, from Ridpath's History, illustrates but ONE event out of all the THOUSANDS that make up the history of every nation, ancient and modern, in that monumental work. If you would know the history of mankind—every famous incident, every historic occasion, every conflict and every achievement, from the dawn of civilization down to the present time—then embrace this splendid opportunity to place in your home the world-famed publication,

Ridpath's History of the World

COLLIER'S READERS are offered *one more opportunity* to place this magnificent History in their homes. Hundreds have already availed themselves of our special offer. We have shipped this splendid set of books to delighted readers living in every state in the union, and every purchaser is more than satisfied. We are closing out the remaining sets of the last edition, brand new, down to date, beautifully bound in half morocco. We offer these sets to Collier's Readers

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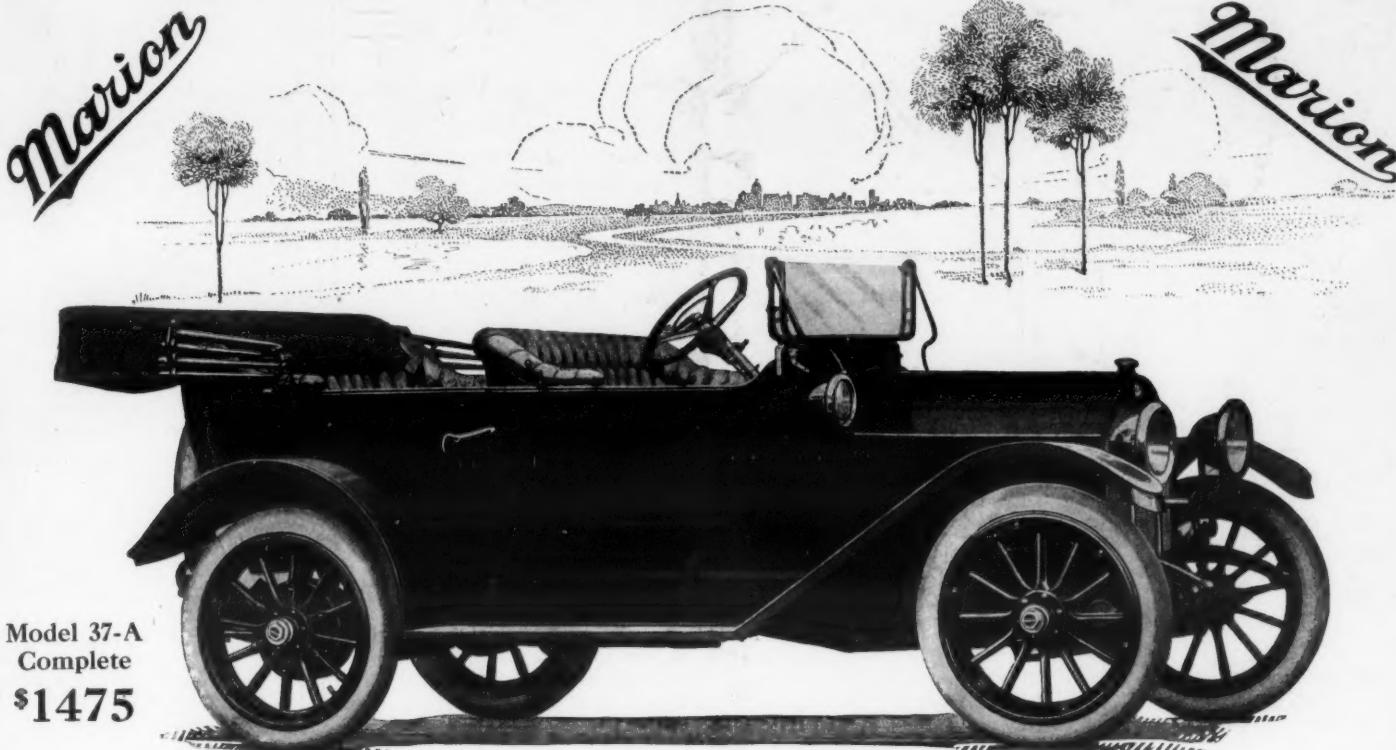
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RIDPATH takes you back to the dawn of before the pyramids of Egypt were built; down romantic, troubled times of Chaldea's grandeur and Assyria's magnificence; of Babylon's wealth and luxury; of Grecian and Roman splendor; of Mohammedan culture and refinement; of French elegance and British power; of American patriotism and religious freedom, to the dawn of yesterday. He covers **every race, every nation, every time**, and holds you spellbound by his wonderful eloquence. Nothing more interesting, absorbing and inspiring was ever written by man.

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Model 37-A
Complete
\$1475

Marion Cars Have Been Built for Ten Years

THEY have been produced through a decade of successful manufacturing. Marions that were built and sold ten years ago are doing good work to-day. Those we are building and selling now are of the same sturdy, staunch construction that has made the Marion famous for its lasting qualities.

In addition they have all the refinements that modern methods make possible and the most complete and luxurious equipment that the market affords.

This 1913 Marion has more high-priced features than any other moderate-priced car. It is a big car—big in quality, size and efficiency. It possesses big power, big wheelbase, big tires, long flexible springs, and roomy comfortable riding space.

As to appearance—from all parts of the country we are receiving comments calling it one of the handsomest cars of the season, irrespective of price. Letters from new Marion owners tell us so. The straight body lines, flush sides and beautiful curve of the rear are making distinct impressions. The deep, rich colors are attracting unusual attention. Details for comfort are being appreciated.

All of this we expected when we were spending months in preparing and perfecting this newest Marion to give you Style and Class heretofore unknown at the price.

Moreover, we want your further confidence in the Marion—confidence such as Marion owners have had in their cars for ten years. We want every one to know the Marion, its features and fineness, just as Marion owners know them. Therefore we ask you to read closely and carefully consider its details.

Take them in order. What else can you ask in equipment—here is everything you need in a motor car. You have the most successful gas starter, electric lights to guide you at night, top and windshield for

stormy weather, Warner speedometer “how far and how fast”; demountable rims to make tire changes easy.

We've already told you of the finish. Marion cars themselves substantiate our claims. In regard to the body—the photograph shows its roominess, its deep tufted upholstering—hand-buffed leather, the cowl over the dash and its graceful lines. You must ride in one to appreciate its excellence.

The Marion motor is quiet, powerful and efficient. You'd be amazed to see the accuracy in its workmanship and testing. We calculate to thousandths of an inch. Every operation must pass our rigid inspection. Carburetion, ignition, lubrication and cooling are cared for in the same painstaking manner. Our engineers require perfect balance, elimination of all vibration and sound, and economical development of power from every motor which leaves the Marion shops.

All this shows why you can place utmost reliance upon Marion mechanical construction. Thoroughness of manufacturing is also seen in the chassis. Your experience has taught you the value of such features as long wheelbase, easy-riding springs (ours are made of English steel), reliable brakes and steering gear. The finest anti-friction bearings are the most expensive and these are the only kind we use, just as all of our materials are of the best.

We could enumerate a thousand and one points about the Marion 37-A but for space.

Electrically Starting 48-A, \$1850

Then there is the larger Marion, a 48 horsepower car de luxe, with electric self-starter, lighting system, horn and complete equipment, \$1850. Longer, roomier, more powerful. Wheelbase 120 inches, 36x4-inch tires.

The Marion “Bobcat”, a mile-a-minute roadster, is the snappiest speed car of the year. It has the same chassis details and

Big Features—37-A

EQUIPMENT—Disco self-starter; Prest-O-Lite tank; Dynamo electric lighting system; 80-hour storage battery; Warner speedometer; Mohair top, boot and storm curtains; Q. D. demountable rims, one extra; plate glass windshield; tire irons, tire repair kit; tools, pump, jack; robe rail foot rest.

FINISH—Rich brewster green or deep wine color; metal trimmings, nickel-plated; wood trimmings, mahogany; lamps, black enameled; fenders, hood, dust shields, baked enamel.

BODY—Five-passenger, big and roomy; graceful lines, flush sides; divided front seat; deep upholstering, hand-buffed leather; center control; all doors open toward the rear; deep cowl over dash; gasoline filler tube between front seats; concealed tool boxes; pockets for route maps, veils, etc.

MOTOR—30-40 horsepower; four cylinders, cast in pairs, long-stroke type; bore and stroke, 4 x 5 inches; large valves, valve springs enclosed; automatic carburetor, steering column adjustment; dual ignition, magneto and batteries; 3-point suspension; constant level oiling system (circulating); water cooled, centrifugal pump, fan, large jackets, cellular radiator.

CHASSIS—Wheelbase, 112 inches; pressed steel frame, strongly reinforced; cone clutch, spring inserts; shaft drive, enclosed in torsion tube; 3 speeds forward, selective sliding gear transmission; front axle, I-beam drop forging, rear axle double trussed; front springs semi-elliptic, rear $\frac{3}{4}$ -elliptic, imported steel; four double-acting brakes, large and effective; strong steering gear; artillery wheels; 34 x 4-inch tires.

equipment as the 37-A. Color, cardinal red. Price, \$1425.

We offer to bona fide automobile dealers, or to business men entering the trade upon a substantial basis, the fairest sales agreement ever written. Ask about it and territory.

A new illustrated folder in colors has just gone to the press. The edition is limited—for immediate distribution, to fill early requests. Don't wait until they are gone—write now.

The Marion Motor Car Company, 914 Oliver Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.



The Defender

THE FIREMAN ranks with the soldier in courage, but behind the fireman stands the insurance company to make good the loss which the fireman's courage cannot prevent.

The Hartford Fire Insurance Company leads all companies in the amount of losses paid. Its payments now exceed 150 millions. It stands always ready to meet any call which may be made upon it.

When next you insure

Insist on the Hartford
Agents Everywhere



20 C Anti-Nicotine
JIMMY Pipe
3 for 50c

A sample can of my famous Community Mixture
FREE when 3 pipes are ordered.

THIS will be your "Jimmy" pipe after the first smoke. No matter if you own a hundred pipes, you will reach for your "Jimmy" pipe every time. Talk all you want to about the flavor, aroma and smoothness of tobacco. I know this—a lot of that flavor, a lot of that aroma—a lot of that smoothness—is made or killed by the pipe. In this "Jimmy" pipe you get all of the flavor, all of the aroma, and all of the smoothness, and at the same time robbing the tobacco of its nicotine poison.

There's no guess-work about this pipe.

Get
Pleasure
Without
the Poison

The cup is made of Mearnto, mined in Scotland, and baked in electric ovens until it is hard as rock but still porous, just like the finest meerschaum, which absorbs the dangerous nicotine. The stem is of sweet-tasting Welsh coal, grown in the German forest. The bowl is made from choice second growth hickory. The combination forms that sweet, mellow taste which is the perfection of pipe smoking.

It isn't the prettiest pipe you ever saw, but it is the sweetest, coolest and all-around, most enjoyable pipe you ever smoked. "Jimmy" pipe is the right name. Prove this at my risk. Send me 20¢ for one pipe or 50¢ for three, and if you don't agree with me, may so, and I will return your money.

To show my heart is in the right place, I will send a sample can of my famous Community Mixture if you order three pipes. My 1912-13 Smokers' Guide is free with every order.

H. MENGES, The Smokers' Friend
319 Menges Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

DON'T PAY TWO PRICES

Save \$8.00 to \$22.00 on
**Hoosier Ranges
and Heaters**

Why not buy the best when you can buy them at such low unheard-of factory prices. Our new improvements absolutely surpass anything ever produced. Save enough on a single range to pay your taxes & fuel. Thirty days free trial in your own home before you buy. Send postal card for large free catalog and prices. 218 State St., Marion, Ind.

Address Hoosier Stove Co.

Maurice L. Rothschild Merchant

No. 98

"You know what a selfish world this is; everybody trying to get something more and more. We're trying to get satisfaction; and we've learned that the best way to get it is to give it."

"Very simple rule to work by; 'be sure your customer is satisfied; with quality, style, fit, service, value; and don't be satisfied yourself until you're sure he is.'"

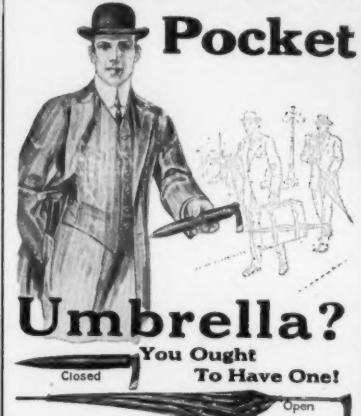
This extract from an advertisement of a retail clothier emphasizes the necessity of backing up advertising with real goods—and added to these goods, the rendering of SERVICE.

This "I serve" spirit is the reason for the effectiveness and power of advertising. That's why I call Maurice L. Rothschild merchant, and don't think of him merely as retailer or store-keeper.

H. G. Hammesfahr.

Manager Advertising Department

Have You A Pocket



Umbrella?
You Ought
To Have One!

Closed Open

It is invisible in the pocket. Easily packed in any pocket. Strong and Durable. Always with you without inconvenience. Just the thing for travelling—or any day.

An Ideal Christmas Gift!

For Wife, Mother, Sister, Sweetheart or any Men Friends

It takes just three seconds to uncover and pull out to a perfect, full size umbrella, and stronger than any of the old style umbrellas. It is just as easily telescoped to a miniature umbrella, only 15 inches long and 1½ in diameter. It is the only umbrella that telescopes to fit in the pocket, grip, suit-case or hand-bag, so that you always have instant protection without inconvenience.

It costs no more than other good umbrellas and lasts longer. Made in several designs, both ladies' and gentlemen's styles, all of highest grade. Sold on money-back guarantee. Price \$1.50. Address Remoh Jewelry Co., Findlay, Ohio, and we will tell you how to get our umbrella at cost provided you send your leading dealers' names and addresses. Ask for interesting booklet and price list.

POCKET UMBRELLA CO., Dept. L2, Findlay, Ohio

Rémo Gem

**Marvelous Synthetic
Gems**



Look and Wear
Like Diamonds
Not Imitation

—the greatest triumph of the electric furnace. Will cut glass—stands filling fire and acid tests like a diamond—guaranteed to contain no glass. Rémo Gems have no points, or facets, of their brilliant diamonds—no scratches, however. One-thirtieth the cost of a diamond. These remarkable gems are set only in 14 Karat Solid Gold Mountings.

Sent On Approval Anywhere in U. S. Your money cheerfully refunded if not perfectly satisfactory.

Write for our 4-color De Luxe Jewel Book—yours for the asking.

Remoh Jewelry Co., 638 Washington Ave., St. Louis, Mo.



WHITE TOWN CARS

Built Particularly For Women

THE White Forty Coupe is the pioneer woman's gasoline car. To the woman who drives, it offers the touring radius and flexible speed of the gasoline roadster, combined with the comfort, safety, and ease of operation of the electric brougham.

The left-side drive admits of easy access to the driving wheel from the curb. The White Electrical Starter, positive under all conditions, not only is operated by one simple motion from the seat, but also renders impossible the inconvenience of the engine being accidentally stalled. The lighting of the car, electric throughout, is likewise controlled from the driving seat.

The first of its kind, the White Coupe is the recognition of woman's demand for a clean, safe motor carriage for town and suburban use, having the grace, speed, and radius of travel which only a gasoline car can give. White Coupes are built in Thirty, Forty, and Sixty horsepower models.

The White Company
CLEVELAND

Manufacturers of
Gasoline Motor Cars,
Trucks and Taxicabs.



How Is Business?

Could you profitably use suggestions for increasing your business?

Would you like to get a few valuable profit producing pointers?

Under the heading "Business Builders" in Collier's National Directory, in the first and third issues each month, you will find ways of enlarging the scope of your business.

They are not get-rich-quick schemes—but safe, sound methods, the reliability of which Collier's guarantees.

It will pay you to look in the Dec. 7 issue for these helps.



Collier's National Directory

Small advertisements classified for the convenience of Collier readers.



Mud, Snow, Slush—

This means that your tires are practically running in water—moisture is constantly soaking into the tire fabric through the cuts in the outside, rubber coating, rotting the tire, shortening its life and inviting blow-outs and rim-cuts.



Waterproofs and Protects

A liquid, unvulcanized rubber compound with a base of pure gum; thoroughly waterproofs the fabric, protects and preserves the whole tire—the liquid tire insurance against oil, moisture and air. Makes tires look like new.

Tirenew Before Storing—

don't store your car without first Tirenewing the tires INSIDE AND OUT—it will prevent storage deterioration. Then when you do put the car in commission again your tires will be in shape to resist oil and moisture.

Many Garages

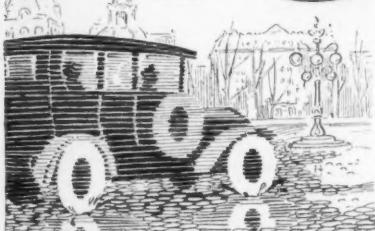
do Tirenewing—ask yours.

A Trial Can—Send 25c in stamps for a trial can—contains enough to Tirenew one tire. Give dealer's name and state which color you want—tire gray or pure white.

National Rubber Co.

4404 Papin St., St. Louis, Mo.

Buy the Box—Buy a box of $\frac{1}{4}$ -gallons—convenient and economical. If your dealer can't supply you we will.



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By 21 Experts of national reputation. Scientific Farming in all branches for men and prospective farmers, men—women, General Farming, Poultry, Small-farm Cottages, Truck, Fruit, Stock, Dairy, Soils, Flowers, Bees, Mushrooms, Veterinary, etc. Which interests you?

Valuable Book Absolutely Free

"How to Make the Farm Pay More"

Points out way out for city folks, more profits for farmer. Gives facts you should know whether farmer or not. Get this free book today if you want more farm profits or are tired of struggling for bare existence in city. (No agents.) Free sample lesson on request.

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\$30 to \$200

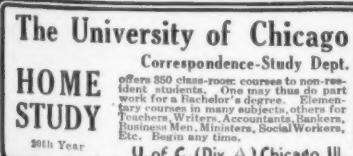
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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

NOVEMBER 23, 1912

SATURDAY

VOLUME FIFTY NO. 10
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E. C. PATTERSON, Vice President and General Manager

416 WEST THIRTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

FRANKLIN COE, Treasurer
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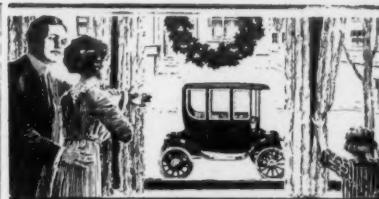
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This Christmas Give Your Wife an Electric

An Electric for her *very own*—what more enjoyable surprise could your wife receive on Christmas morning? Every woman longs to own an Electric. Every woman knows the comfort, convenience and heightened social prestige it gives. Why not make this the *happiest* Christmas?

Your wife would love to drive about in her own Electric—quiet, fashionable, simple and safe. She can pay her social calls; do her shopping; attend the theatre and reception. You will enjoy the convenience of it, too.

And Christmas is the season of seasons for an Electric. The cold, biting winds and snow flurries without make you feel all the cosier within an Electric. There is such exhilarating pleasure in gliding noiselessly down the boulevard, through the park, threading in and out of congested traffic—quickly, easily, without bother or effort.

Driving an Electric is simplicity itself—no trouble whatever. Any woman—even a child—can operate an Electric efficiently. The first cost of an Electric is decidedly moderate when you consider its lasting, satisfactory service. Maintenance expense and cost of power is far lower than that for other types of cars.

Interesting literature about the Electric Vehicle sent gladly. Write today.

Before you buy any car—consider the Electric

ELECTRIC VEHICLE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA

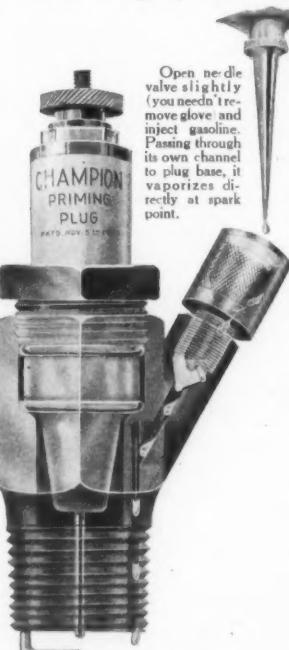
BOSTON

124 W. 42nd St.
NEW YORK

CHICAGO
(46)

This Starts Any Motor—Any Time—On First Quarter Turn

Champion Priming Plugs will start your car or engine *any time and every time* on the first quarter turn because they insure both a hot, fat spark and a rich mixture right at the plug's firing point. Absolutely necessary in cold weather for most cars—highly desirable the year 'round on *all* cars.



Gasoline will not vaporize in a cold cylinder on wintry, windy days.

The best spark possible cannot reach down to the gas.

A few drops of gasoline at the spark will instantly do the trick. With Champion Priming Plugs you will always start.

They save towing bills or cost of help from a garage.

Run your car through the winter without annoyance or loss of time; with Champion Priming Plugs it is always ready to go. Don't wait for another cold day to prove that you must have them.

Champion Spark Plugs are regular equipment of over 60% of the American cars today, including the two largest manufacturers: Ford and Overland.

Now comes the Champion Priming Plug, which adds to the perfect spark plug a perfect priming device—needed by every car owner.

Champion Priming Plugs will not foul or "soot-up"; will not leak compression; porcelain will not crack or points burn under any conditions.

We stand behind every Champion Plug, guaranteeing both workmanship and entire satisfaction—or your money back.

If your dealer is not yet supplied, send us \$5 in any convenient, safe form and we will send you a set of four Champion Priming Plugs, prepaid, the day we get your order.

Please give name and year of your car, and name of your dealer

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY
101 Avondale Ave., Toledo, Ohio, U. S. A.



Chalmers

MOTOR CARS

"Thirty-Six" (4 cylinders) \$1950
 "Six," 2, 4 or 5 passenger . \$2400
 "Six," 7-passenger . . . \$2600
 "30" (4 cylinders) . . . \$1600
 Limousines and Coupes
 (Fully equipped. F. o. b. Detroit)

"Built in Chalmers Shops"

Chalmers cars are manufactured by the Chalmers Motor Company in the Chalmers shops at Detroit, Michigan.

Our buildings, equipment, stock and materials represent an investment of \$6,000,000.

We have made this great investment because we believe in the future of the automobile business. We back our faith with our money.

The Chalmers plant comprises 17 buildings laid out over a thirty-acre site. Three of the main buildings are shown above.

These 17 buildings contain over one million square feet of manufacturing floor space.

The equipment of our factory consists of the most modern machinery and labor-saving devices—unexcelled in any automobile plant in the world.

Employed in this factory are 4,000 men engaged in the work of designing, building and testing Chalmers cars.

Chalmers factory which many manufacturers have done outside in the plants of parts-makers:

We build our own motors complete from the casting of the cylinders to the final testing for full rated horsepower.

We build our own self-starter, designed by Chalmers engineers and patented by the Chalmers Company.

We manufacture our own transmissions.

We cut, temper and grind our own gears.

We make our own axles—all except the bearings. These are Timken.

We heat-treat our own steels—in one of the most perfectly appointed heat-treating plants in the industry.

We build our own steering gears. We make our own tops.

We rigidly inspect each part and operation from raw material to finished car. Many parts are inspected not only once, but half a dozen times.

Here are three reasons why we manufacture Chalmers cars in our own shops instead of buying parts from specialty manufacturers and assembling them in our cars. Each reason is important to you as a motor car buyer:

1. Accuracy. We can make the parts for Chalmers cars better than any parts-maker. With our large volume, we can afford all the special machinery and specially trained men that the motor builder, the transmission maker, or the manufacturer of other parts would employ. All this special equipment we concentrate on Chalmers cars alone. Thus we have all the advantages of quantity production, but the first thing in our mind is **accuracy**.

2. Economy. In manufacturing our own parts we save the parts-makers' profit. We manufacture just as economically as any parts-maker. We buy our materials as low as anyone. In addition, we get the benefit of lowest cash prices, for we discount every bill.

The savings thus made go to you, partly in the form of added quality and partly in the difference in price between our cars and the high priced cars—which alone approach Chalmers cars in Quality, Comfort, Convenience and Beauty.

3. Service. The wisdom of this policy of manufacturing will be more apparent in three or five years than it is now. For automobiles are not bought for one year, but for several years' service. The manufacturer who makes his own parts is in a stronger position and will be able to give better and longer continued service to his owners than those who are dependent upon the parts-manufacturers.

Into the Chalmers cars we have put the best thought, the most skillful craftsmanship, the most vigilant inspection of our 4,000 brain-power organization. We have built cars in which we take pride. Every part represents ourselves. Every part represents an ideal.

Building the cars in our own plant by our own men and under our own eyes, we are able to make them measure up to our ideal—Chalmers, the utmost motor car value at the price asked.

We believe this is the kind of a car you want. See it at our dealer's salesroom.

And let us send you the "Story of the Chalmers Car." Many have told us it is the most interesting automobile book ever written. Write for it on the coupon.

WE state the above facts because we want you to realize that Chalmers cars are *manufactured* cars; that the parts are made by the same company that puts its name on the finished product.

Nearly every essential mechanical operation, from the engineer's designing board all the way through to the shipping platform, is carried on by Chalmers workmen in the Chalmers shops, under the direction and control of Chalmers executives.

We believe this is the only way to insure permanent success in the automobile business. If we were manufacturing typewriters, adding machines, railroad cars, or anything else, we would not buy our parts outside. For experience has shown that the greatest accuracy and greatest economy come from concentrating manufacturing operations in one plant and building complete one particular product.

This is the logical and the right system in any industry. The automobile business is no exception. It is subject to the same commercial laws and rules and the same manufacturing methods as other businesses. We realized in the beginning that to continue permanently in this business we must equip our plant to build our own parts. And we have done so.

The Chalmers factory is one of the best equipped in the industry. No other plant is more completely equipped for producing high class cars in large quantities and at medium prices. No other motor car manufacturer builds in his own factory a greater proportion of the vital parts of his car than we do.

Here are some of the operations performed in the

Chalmers Motor Company, Detroit

Note These Chalmers Features

Comfort, convenience, luxury and good looks distinguish the Chalmers 1913 cars. Power, strength and reliability are built into every inch of the Chalmers chassis. These cars offer all you can ask in motor car satisfaction. They are quality cars at medium prices.

"Thirty-Six" (four cylinders)	\$1950
"30" (four cylinders)	\$1600
"Six," 5-passenger	\$2400
"Six," 7-passenger	\$2600
"Thirty-Six" Limousine	\$3250
"Six" Limousine	\$3700
"Thirty-Six" Coupe	\$2250
"Six" Coupe	\$2700

(Prices include full equipment and are f. o. b. Detroit)

Note these splendid features of the "Thirty-Six" and "Six" and judge for yourself the superiority of the 1913 Chalmers cars.

Electric Lights. Gray & Davis electric lighting system, acknowledged to have no superior, is regular equipment.

Turkish Cushions. Most comfortable and highest grade automobile cushions made. Soft as a down pillow.

Eleven-Inch Upholstery. Featured on some of the highest priced cars. Seats are as comfortable as your favorite armchair.

Chalmers Self-Starter. A year's use has proved it the simplest and most reliable on the market. Operates by compressed air.

Four-Forward Speed Transmission gives maximum of flexibility; provides a proper gear for every condition.

Long Stroke Motor. 4½" bore; 5½" stroke. A motor of unusual power. Built complete in the Chalmers shops.

Continental Demountable Rims. Make it possible to change tires in a few minutes and without hard work.

Large Wheels and Tires. Insure easy riding and low tire upkeep. 36" x 4" tires on "Thirty-Six"; 36" x 4½" on "Six"; 34" x 4" on "30."

Long Wheelbase—118" on the "Thirty-Six"; 130" on the "Six"; 115" on the "30."

Beautiful Bodies. The new-design, flush-sided metal bodies are exceptionally roomy. Finish unsurpassed by that of any other car.

Nickel Trimmings. Handsome; easy to keep clean and bright, regular equipment.

Dual Ignition. Most reliable ignition system built; maximum range of spark control.

Improved Carburetor. Readily adjustable from dash to suit all driving conditions.

Speedometer. A jeweled magnetic speedometer, specially designed for Chalmers cars, is regular equipment.

Silk Mohair Top. A splendid, perfectly fitting top, tailor-made in Chalmers shops.

Rain-Vision Windshield. Easily adjustable, good-looking, specially built for Chalmers cars.

Please send "Story of the Chalmers Car" and 1913 catalog.

Name

Address

Collier's, Nov. 23

Colliers

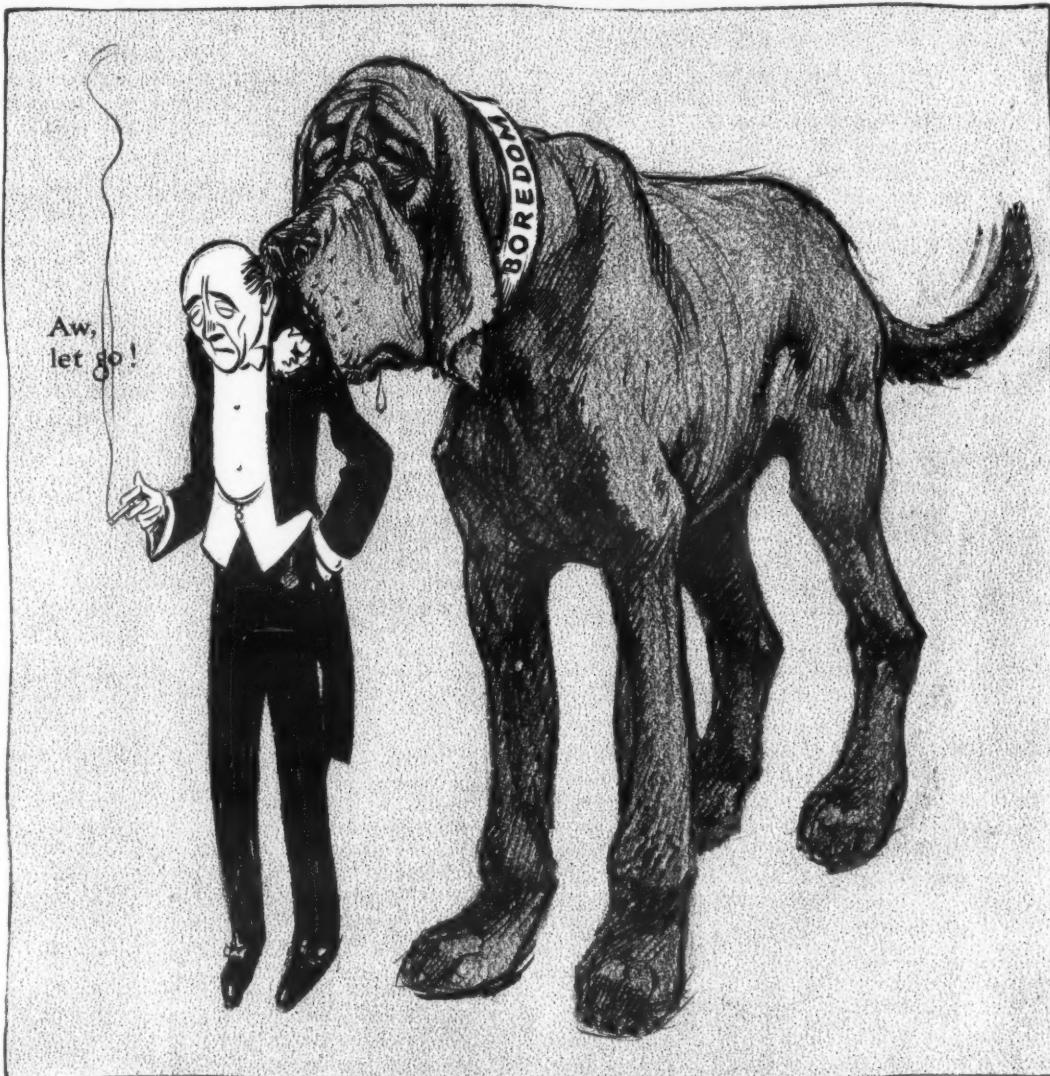
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



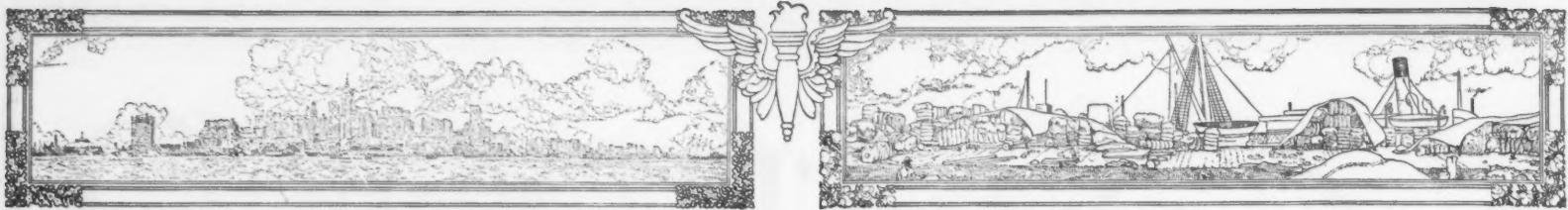
MARK SULLIVAN, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

ROBERT J. COLLIER
EDITOR

STUART BENSON, ART EDITOR



Natural History



Unto Others

A SONG of those within the desert places—
The dull, the strange, the erring of all lands,
Who face the future with despairing faces,
And stretch forth pleading, unavailing hands.

The heirs of poverty, the slaves of weakness,
The arrogant who will not heed commands;
The spiritless who wear a coward's meekness,
The desperate who spill life's creeping sands.

Oh! holders of the prized and vantage places,
Oh! sharers of the peaceful, happy days,
Oh! scions of the wise and favored races,
Oh! revelers along the sunny ways—

I beg a moment's pause, with earnest faces,
That common blood and Fatherhood demands;
A prayer for those within the dreary places
Who stretch forth pleading, unavailing hands.

GEORGE W. PRIEST

THE NOVEMBER RECESSIONAL

FOR HALF A YEAR we have been fed on nervous excitement. We have lived with politics and baseball and football, with war and with murder, till the mind is slightly weary of the blare. That period of high excitement is ending. The tumult is dying in a long receding roar. The torches of the political redeemers and their marching men burn out. The clean turf of famous fields lies buried under leaves and the early snow. Bleachers and grand stands are as empty as the heart of SCROOGE. From their recent frenzy, the people return to steadfast ways. Now, as always, men build their homes out of love, and, by the hard work of their hands, safeguard it against change and loss. That is the stuff of history, under the drums and trampings of the conquests. Then, as now, men turned to the age-long striving, lighted for a little by youth's romance, and warmed through after years of sag and weariness by the steady comforts of the home. Always men live in these invisible values, and go about their ancient work.

THANKSGIVING

ONCE MORE a young and mighty nation pauses a moment in its noisy toil to give thanks for its manifold blessings and sing its harvest home. Since the first man dug for roots in the perilous forest with his little ineffective stones, and raised his voice in an ecstasy of gratitude to some unseen giver of food, man has gathered his family about him and given thanks for the harvest. As we stand in our public places and sit about our board, let us be grateful first and last and beyond all else that we have bread to eat. The crops are at the bottom of the nation's prosperity; its wealth, its learning, its art, its virtue depend on its food supply. Few men can be good or useful if they are hungry; no nation can be happy if the harvest fails. There is no army of defense like the tillers of the soil, no public servant like the farmer. He stands as the gods of our ancestors and makes our truce with nature. Whether he himself plows his stony fields or rides his mowing machine over the limitless prairies; directs his darkies on the old plantation, or guides the water on to his Western apple ranch, he is, of all of us, the nearest God, for he is the ultimate creator. This year the harvest is the largest in the history of the country; the corn crop is the best the world has ever seen. Well may we thank the God of our fathers and His faithful human husbandmen for the blessing of which no war can deprive us, which no politics can imperil, no sadness mitigate. For the year to come we shall have the foundation of all happiness. We shall have bread to eat.

HAVING FUN WITH COLLIER'S

TO BE ABLE TO LAUGH when the joke is "on you" is to possess a healthy human quality. The man who has this gift will not see himself as playing too large a part in the world's affairs. He is likely

to save his self-esteem many buffets and to go about his work a more contented, if a less exalted, being. COLLIER'S has had no little joy of late from the "jolts" it has received. No sooner have we recovered from being described as "a millionaire Eastern magazine" than we learn we are "a muckraking, Socialistic sheet, appealing to the passions of the mob." We are pictured as a high brow and a prig only less often than we are accused of being truculent and uninformed. We resemble, according to our critics, something between a spring poet, an anarchist, a Standard Oil magnate, and Gyp the Blood. Senator WARREN is convinced that we thrive by blackmail; a correspondent of the Richmond (Ind.) "Palladium" sees us as "a disappointed millionaire reformer, like PINCHOT"; while another contemporary is certain that the Harvester Trust had enough left to "put COLLIER'S over for the third party ticket." These are hard rôles to reconcile, but, as versatility has also been ascribed to us, we shall endeavor to keep up the supply of "vital spots" in which our friends, the newspaper paragraphers, may lodge their barbed shafts.

"Tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door, but . . . 'twill serve," says MERCUTIO of his wound. We may give thanks, then, at this season (was it Dr. JOHNSON who once said: "I am glad that he thanks God for anything") that we are not so rich that we must dodge taxes or live abroad; nor so radical that we must suspect of larceny every neighbor who is richer than ourselves; not so blinded by altruism as to hand over our modest carpetbag to the first stranger who shakes us by the hand and asks us if we "Be'n't Uncle SILAS from down Squash Corners way?" nor so mercenary that we must lie awake o' nights conspiring against the pennies of the poor.

PORTRAITS OF TWO STATESMEN

FROM A STENOGRAPHIC REPORT of a speech delivered at Laramie and elsewhere throughout Wyoming by Senator WARREN, Republican:

I hope you have all had COLLIER'S. If not I will try to get a few copies and give them to you. It advises the country that you have got three grafters in Congress—two in the Senate and one in the House, and, by the way, did you ever know COLLIER'S to say a good thing of Wyoming in your life? I never did. I never knew COLLIER'S to say or do a thing that would tend to boost Wyoming or anything in her, or the States around her. . . . Now they advertise through COLLIER'S that you have been keeping men in Congress who are grafters and scoundrels and thieves. What kind of advertising is that for Wyoming? . . . in all these COLLIER charges there is nothing new except that I am guilty of getting buildings for the State; there is nothing that is less than ten years old. . . .

I seldom answer everything that the newspapers say about me in election time, because you and I know that they lie by the yard and by the mile even, and you and I know that when we do answer a thing they will say you have not answered it, and they will bring up another page about you, and it takes all your time to answer them. In the case of COLLIER'S, an alien paper, paid for, of course, by those who are opposing me, controlled by millionaires in the East, I will touch upon briefly, because I feel that there are strangers here who may want to know about it and my friends may want something to say about it. . . . First, there is an element in the East that has had control of the New England and Middle Eastern States for years and years which are jealous of the position I have got in the United States Senate. It is not, I am happy to say, among the Senators to any great extent.

COLLIER'S is a muckraking paper anyhow, and, as I have stated before, you have never heard of their writing anything good about us, and everything they have written is from ten to thirty years old, except that about getting the public buildings. Everything they have said is at least ten years old. . . .

Concerning Senator SIMMONS of North Carolina, Democrat:

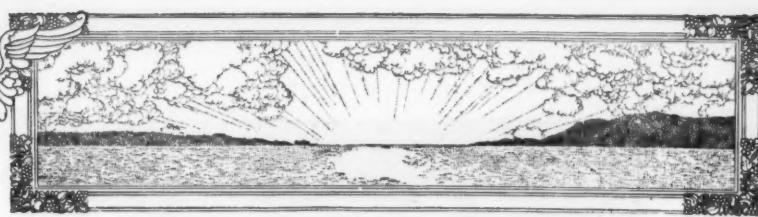
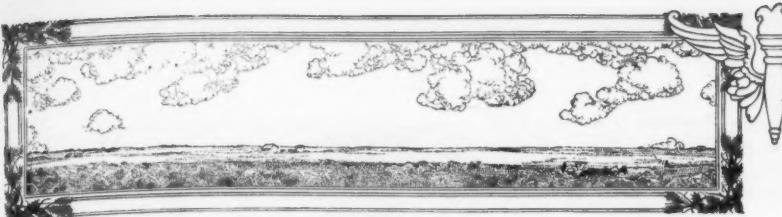
EDITOR COLLIER'S:

WASHINGTON, N. C.
I heard with my own ears Senator SIMMONS's outdoor address in Newbern on October 31 to thousands of people, in which he denounced COLLIER'S in most bitter and venomous terms. In part, he said it was the meanest, dirtiest, mud-slinging, muckraking, radical sheet published in the United States, and any white man in North Carolina ought to be ashamed to let it come in his home. This is only a little of what he said about you. But it will give you an idea how much the Senator likes you.

J. E. ADAMS.

"JUST CALL ME MAY"

IN A DRUNKEN BRAWL in a dingy flat a girl is mortally stabbed, and as the police, bending over her, ask her name, she says: "Just call me MAY; that will do. I do not want to tell you who I am." And the press of a great country reprints the little sentence from coast to coast. The wise words of a great philosopher would not be given more publicity. Why? Because, after all, the little things are the big ones. The simple are the universal. And because the one unappeasable hunger of the human mind is for drama. It is thus that the yellow press can hold the multitude. Virtue we need, wit we need, philosophy we need, but drama we must have. The scare head calls her a beauty. She was probably no more beautiful than she was good, but she did the one thing which could thrust her, if only for a moment, from the sordid unimportance of her little life on to the screen of the world's events: she died dramatically.



ETERNAL YOUTH

IT WAS young IDAS, if we mistake not, who, in Mr. STEPHEN PHILLIPS's poem, lay "wounded with beauty in the summer night." We like to surmise the feelings of this susceptible young Greek were his eyes to fall upon those maidens of a later day who make of a ramble in the city streets or of an excursion to a football game so dangerous an adventure. From over furs and velvets, whose softness they put to shame, look out at us these faces of sweet peril. "Shy as a squirrel and wayward as a swallow," the disarming innocence of their frank regard is the very poisoned tip of the arrow of the mischievous god. The Elizabethan lyrists experienced many naïve hardships in their time because of the beauty of their ladies. Witness DRAYTON'S:

*Good folk, for gold or hire,
But help me to a crier;
For my poor heart is run astray
After two eyes that passed this way.*

*For God's sake, walkin' by the way,
If you my heart do see,
Either impound it for a stray
Or send it back to me.*

Though the troubadour no longer fingers his troubled lute, we may be sure that there is stored up each day in the heart of youth some image of vexing loveliness as an earnest that the Maker's hand has not lost its cunning.

MARCHING ON

IS THERE ANYWHERE in the world a better sport than marching for a principle? The band strikes up a heart-inspiring air, the column swings off down the avenue to the rhythmic beat of drums, the cool wind unfurls the banners with their bright colors and their lofty sentiments, the crowd cheers, the horses tramp, and all the little worries of a narrow life fade away in one glad, free, onward stride. And now the women have taken to marching. Well, why not? Surely a woman needs all the inspiration and the fellowship that she can get to help her take life gallantly. Men have always had martial music and the applause of the people to cheer them on to battle, but women, who have the hardest battles and the heaviest burdens, are told to endure with patience. All sorrow and pain and hardship is multiplied many times when it must be taken passively. By all means, let the women march, whatever they want to march for, getting all the fun and companionship and courage they can from flying banners and martial music and fellow soldiers, that they may go back, each one to her separate battle, and face life valiantly.

CARICATURES

"CARICATURES," says EMERSON in his "Journal," "are often the truest history of the time, for they express in a pointed, unequivocal action what really lies at the bottom of a great many plausible public hypocritical maneuvers."

"DRESSING UP"

WHAT CHILD does not enjoy "dressing up"? Our mimicry is frankest in childhood. What little girl has not put on a long skirt, "done" her hair, and given a tea party to her little friends, all in their mothers' dresses? "Dressing up" is not, however, outgrown. JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU wore an Armenian costume with fur trimmings that proved highly becoming; ROUSSEAU's disciple, TOLSTOY, used the smock of the Russian peasant. BALZAC wrote his novels in the garb of a monk. CHATEAUBRIAND never wearied of clothes as clothes nor of exotic touches. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, who loathed CHATEAUBRIAND, doted on dinky little caps and tight trousers, and enjoyed "making up" for amateur theatricals. Then there is PIERRE LOTI, CHATEAUBRIAND's literary heir, who was in America recently. How could the typical American "interviewer" comprehend LOTI's absurdities? We, for our part, would deny him neither the rouge pot nor the right to wear a Persian costume in his country house if he likes Persia and paint. Latins are born actors; that partly explains their picturesqueness. They are not so much afraid as Anglo-Saxons are of being a bit "different"—or even a bit ludicrous. LOTI is said to sleep in a bedroom modeled on the chamber of a Breton peasant, with a checked cotton coverlet and a pair of wooden shoes under the bed. This is at his home in Rochefort. Of course, in Morocco, he has delighted in Arab habiliments and a burnoose; in his book about that country he avows his weakness for "the fantasy of disguises." It is a harmless indulgence. If MARIE ANTOINETTE and LOUIS XVI lost their heads, it was not because they played at milkmaid and watchmaker.

THE TRUE COSMOPOLITANS

WE ARE NOT an isolated nation. We are more at one with the old countries than they are ever at one with each other. They are neighbors; we are their brothers. There is an upheaval somewhere in the world, and the citizens of France or Finland may become involved. Some of us always do. Few of the heroes of history are unhonored in our public places. In one city stands a monument to KOSSUTH, "Erected by the Hungarians resident in America"; in another a statue to GARIBALDI, "Erected by the Italians resident in America." These wistful people come and come, bringing their lares and penates and setting up their national heroes in our public squares. War breaks out in the Balkans, and the little man who blacks our shoes is going out to fight to the finish for his country's honor. There is war five thousand miles away, and the woman who sells us oranges is kissing her husband good-by for the last time. So does the pulse of the world beat in our city streets.

THE MOB

THE MOST CHARACTERISTIC NOTE of modern life is the dominance of crowd psychology. Present-day thinking is done very largely in the mass. The individual who stands out like a lone pine above and apart from his fellows is not so common as he once was. More and more men come to do things together, and together to reach toward the heights and to sink into the depths. They gather together in many places and for many reasons, at the theatre, before the score board at the corner, on the sidewalk as the parade goes by, and for a moment they are as one man, swayed by one emotion, driven by one impulse. Never before in history has this been so universally true. So it is peculiarly suitable that in the present production of the most tried and true of all our old stage friends, "Julius Cæsar," the mob should be the most striking feature. The old-time way of delivering what is probably the most clever campaign address in the English language, ANTONY's speech to the Roman mob, was in a steady burst of oratory as from a pulpit: "Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears." Those of us who have never before heard it delivered in any other way are astonished at the vast enhancement of meaning and interest when the mob is made an organic part of the performance. As Mr. FAVERSHAM delivers the speech, it goes something like this:

Friends! [roars of rage] Romans! [howls] countrymen! [roars] lend me your ears!

[roars of denial]:

*I come to bury Cæsar [growls], not to praise him [skeptical growls].
The evil that men do lives after them [roars of assent];
The good is oft interred with their bones [skeptical roars];
So let it be with Cæsar [growls]. The noble BRUTUS [cheers]
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious [loud cheers], etc.*

It is but another tribute to the genius of SHAKESPEARE that such a speech, treated as pulpit oratory, should yet have held us spellbound all these years.

THE GOOD OLD TIMES

WE HAVE OBSERVED before that there is nothing new under the sun. We again deliver ourselves of this original remark, for we have just seen, walking about the stage in a Roman tunic, what we thought was the most modern of phenomena, the ward boss. He is called merely "a citizen," but, during ANTONY's speech, he is the voice of the mob and at the same time the leader of the mob. He both follows and directs his fellows from

*We will build him a statue with his ancestors
to*

We'll burn the house of BRUTUS.

We should also like to draw our readers' attention in this connection to another speech. When commenting on the newness of the modern woman and her picturesque demands for equality, read in the same play PORTIA's speech:

*Within the bond of marriage, tell me, BRUTUS,
Is it excepted I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself
But, as it were, in sort or limitation,
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
PORTIA is BRUTUS' harlot, not his wife.*

VERACITY

BRUTUS was a plain, blunt man; ANTONY was nothing of the sort. But ANTONY said he was a plain, blunt man, and the crowd believed him. Times have changed. The modern ANTONYS can't get away with it so easily. Wherever we come from, we all have a fellow feeling for Missouri.



Rear-Admiral Knight, commanding the squadron

To Protect Americans in Turkey
Loading supplies on board the Tennessee at the Philadelphia Navy Yard. This ship and the Montana compose a special-service squadron which, under the command of Rear-Admiral Austin M. Knight, is to guard American interests during the war in the Levant



Turkish Prisoners

Turkish soldiers who have been captured in battle being led away by their Bulgarian captors. The prisoners are being escorted to the rear, where they will await the outcome of the war and the fate of their native land. The Bulgarians are humane to their prisoners, considering the hatred that exists between the races. In some instances the prisoners are being utilized to finish stretches of railroad which were under construction when the war broke out. The division between Yamboli and Kizil-Agach was completed by eight thousand prisoners, and Bulgarian troops later were transported over the new line to take part in the general assault upon the Tchatalja forts



THE TIGER COMES TO CAMBRIDGE

A Doddering Graduate Views One of the Season's Big Games

By ARTHUR RUHL

HERE are still old men in the world who can remember the '06 Harvard-Princeton game. Out of the dark backward and abysm of time they can still see the setting sun shining low across that melancholy field and themselves rising with the rest of the beaten to roar out for the thousandth time the long, slow Harvard cheer. The score was 6-0 in Princeton's favor and time was nearly up, when there was a stir among the coaches, a few quick whispered words of instruction, a slap on the back, and one of our oldest and dearest—an ancient, twenty-three years old, perhaps, who had fought three years for the Crimson and had to gnaw his heart out on the side lines all that desperate afternoon—went in to save the day.

It was one of those moments when the world stands still, and in that stillness a lone bugler, with a diabolical ingenuity for twisting the steel in the wound which could only come to a cornetist in a college band, saw fit to stand up and wail out "Fair Harvard." The brazen notes fused with the gold of the declining sun in one exquisite dying fall, the teams gathered, crouched, broke—and round the new man's end went a Princeton runner for another touchdown!

That was the end, and the undergraduates trailed back to Harvard Square in the dusk, to write long letters home or lean on the mantelpiece and weep gently into the grate which was the only thing the Corporation gave them in those days with which to keep warm. Nowadays they have steam heat, and telephones in the entries, and even the venerable old dormitories in the Yard have yielded to the modern mania for taking baths. And these soft Ionian ways, far from weakening them, seem actually—but we are getting a little away from our story, perhaps, which is Princeton's next coming to Cambridge, only the other day.

The point is this—it was sixteen years since the Tiger had been seen on Soldiers' Field, and it was a new Cambridge to which he came hunting. First of all, there is the Stadium. This, it appears, is not new, but it was new to me, as doubtless it is to other inhabitants of the hinterland west of the Charles River, and you must have the Stadium in your eye before you can understand what a really remarkable spectacle a "big" football game at Cambridge now is. Here is a vast amphitheatre as high as a six-story building and big enough easily to include a quarter-mile track, and, being made of reinforced concrete, for all practical purposes cut out of solid rock. It can neither burn up nor fall down, nor can the winds blow up through the seats and freeze the occupants thereof, and the hollow inside is so fitted with galleries and stairways that the spectators approach their places easily from behind instead of laboriously climbing up from the front. The steep bank of seats is surmounted by a colonnade, and from the top of this the newspaper reporters and telegraph operators look down like sparrows from the edge of a roof. The shape of the amphitheatre is that of a long horseshoe, and through the open end the spectators can look across practice fields and tennis courts to the boathouses and the Charles and, beyond, the roofs of Cambridge and the tower of Memorial Hall. The first glimpse of that huge audience through the open end of the horseshoe, if you come down a bit late, as I did, after the seats are filled, will certainly make you stop, and the sight from the inside, with the undergraduates singing and cheering and thirty thousand beautiful ladies and highly cultivated and dashing gentlemen in fur overcoats—their relatives and friends—looking down, is worth seeing too. People who don't like football are always talking of gladiators and the Roman Hippodrome, but the Romans would have to get up pretty early in the morning to beat this.

It was in this place and before this audience that these

twenty-two fortunate young gentlemen had the privilege of showing what they were made of. The scene had changed and the game had changed since the Tiger last hunted along the Charles. The football of '96, from a spectator's point of view, was a fairly simple matter. As the eleven men on his side were solidified into one unit, and the eleven men on the other side solidified into another unit, and both these separate units spent most of their time trying to squeeze into still another unit, about all that was required of him was to know whether the combined mass was moving toward his or toward the enemy's goal.

All this is changed. Something is happening all the time now, and you never know what is coming next. The ball may be in the center of the field one minute and the next—as actually happened when Princeton scored—carried by a couple of forward passes clear down across the line. Splendid gambles these forward passes, for, according to the present rules, the ball may be thrown any distance—eating up a quarter of the field at a throw when successful: when not, of course, carrying the penalty of losing the ball. The doddering graduate, accustomed to the old battering-ram game, has his breath taken away every other minute.

He hears people about him rattling away about "Minnesota shifts," "secondary defense," and so on, and when he tries to find out just what happened from the newspaper next morning he suspects he must have stumbled into a column of musical criticism. "Princeton revealed the general style of her attack," he reads, "in this first period. On the majority of her plays the line shift was made from a formation which in this first movement had only the three center men on the line of scrimmage, a variation of the Yale tackle shift, and like it, save that the ends were also lined up with the tackles, one of them shunted with them to either side of the line," and so on.

THE GAME STARTS—IN FINE FOOTBALL WEATHER

EVEN the field is different. Behind each goal line there is a ten-yard zone extending clear across the gridiron, into which forward passes may be thrown, and if properly completed count for a touchdown. Formerly a forward pass had to be caught before the player crossed the line. The gridiron proper is ten yards shorter than it used to be, and the kick-off is made from the forty-yard line—ten yards, that is to say, short of the middle of the field, measured from the kicker's goal. A team must gain ten yards instead of five, but it has four downs instead of three to do it in. The on-side kick has been eliminated, and there were times during this game when one saw the backs calmly letting a punt hit the ground and bounce round until it came to rest. A touchdown counts 6 and a goal from touchdown 1. A goal from the field counts 3. Each half is divided into two periods, between which there is a minute's rest and a change of goals.

Well, here they were then, with their splendid field and their lively new game and very fine football weather. It had rained the afternoon and evening before. A steady downpour threshed against the windows of our train all the way up from New York. As we crossed the river at New London there was nothing to break the blackness of what one always associates with sunshine, white yachts, and barebacked crews but a dim red light on the bridge pier. As warm and wet as May when we emerged at Back Bay, the wind soon freshened, blew a gale overnight, and when morning came there was the gilded dome of the State House shining bright in the sun, a snipping breeze and frost in the air—perfect football weather. The Stadium field seemed

scarcely to have been wet when its straw blanket was raked away, and young Mr. Waller of Skaneateles, N. Y., kicked off for Princeton.

Harvard's left half back, Hardwick—destined later to make the touchdown—caught the ball and was promptly downed on his twenty-seven-yard line. There was a fresh breeze blowing out of the northwest, little felt by the sheltered audience, but brisk enough up in the air, and Harvard promptly went after it. In this endeavor they were assisted, it would be difficult to over-

state how much, by the superb punting of Mr. Felton. Mr. Felton hails from Haverford, Pa., and the top of his head is six feet and one inch from the ground. His punts went six miles, more or less, above it. They sailed clear up into the blue ether above the stands, where they could catch and ride on the wind, and they not only went high and far, but very often just

where the Princeton backs were least likely to be. Mr. De Witt, who performed the corresponding service for Princeton, although a capable player and the bearer of a name terrible to Princeton's opponents in the past, was nowhere near so successful, even with the wind.

PRINCETON FAST—HARVARD "HEADY" AND VERSATILE

THIS exchange of aerial courtesies having taken place, the two teams settled down to show what they were made of. Princeton played on the offensive with superb dash and precision. She got under way much quicker than Harvard. The forwards and backs would gather, then would come the quick shift, and simultaneously, as a part of the same movement, without the slightest delay—the only way, of course, for the shift to be played against a capable team—the ball would be snapped into play and the runner shot through. The Harvard team, which appeared to have an unusual amount of football sense, sized up what was coming without much difficulty and shifted quickly to prepare for it.

The apparently casual manner in which the play was awaited was a continual source of interest to one accustomed to the battering-ram game, when the two teams lined up head to head like a couple of bulls. Sometimes the formation was comparatively close, but there were other times when the team with the ball faced almost nobody at all. The opposing team was scattered all over the place, waiting, as it presently appeared, to diagnose the shift and see just where it was to be directed. The moment it started, the scattered defense started too, concentrated, and when the ball was ready to be advanced was on the spot to intercept it. There was one especially curious play, later in the game, when Princeton, having the ball, spread almost from one side line to another. If the Harvard team spread out in turn, the two or three left in the "line" would have a good chance to gain through "center," which, at that moment, was scarcely more than an imaginary point. If Harvard didn't spread out, a long forward pass to one of the outlying runners might be expected as a matter of course. The Harvard players scattered as far as they dared and still have a chance to stop a play straight forward. Princeton tried the latter and made a fair, although not startling, gain.

Harvard, sticking pretty close to the punting game while she had the wind, did not unmask much of her offensive work in this first period. The Princeton backs attacked the Crimson line fiercely, but were not

(Concluded on page 24)



Brickley of Harvard,
who kicked three goals
from the field



Waller (with the ball), who made the Tiger's touchdown





HARRY MONROE

A Chicago Wonder-Worker Who Used to Make Counterfeit Money and Now Makes Real Men Out of Counterfeits

By

PETER CLARK MACFARLANE

Q This is the first article of Mr. Macfarlane's new series, "Man-to-Man Preachers," to gather material for which he has just completed a journey over the country. The purpose is to complement the remarkably successful series on "Preachers in America" with vivid sketches of a number of extremely interesting men who both preach to their fellows and reach out for them. This by no means is to say, however, that those of whom Mr. Macfarlane has written previously do not come at close grips with the world and its problems. Nor is this to say that some of those in the new group are not great preachers. The men in "Man-to-Man Preachers," in addition to Harry Monroe, will be:

The Rev. William J. Williamson of St. Louis, Missouri, to describe whom Mr. Macfarlane chooses the title "The Friendliest Man in St. Louis"

The Rev. George W. Truett of Dallas, Texas, who once a year rounds up the cowboys on the ranges

The Rev. Mark A. Matthews of Washington and the Great Northwest, the Crusader of Seattle

The Rev. Francis E. Higgins Missionary to the Lumberjacks of the Minnesota Northern Woods

The Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman the man who revived Revivalism in America

fielder of the White Sox. That night Billy Sunday came to the little mission, and Mrs. Clarke and Harry Monroe talked with him. That talk changed Billy Sunday from a roistering ball player to a flaming evangel of righteousness, who for two decades and more has gone up and down the land smiting sin after his peculiar fashion.

One night "Mel" Trotter, a drunken barber, staggered into the Pacific Garden Mission. Harry Monroe had words with him, too; told him to get "down on his knees and do business with God." Had you heard of "Mel" Trotter? Perhaps not, because he works among fallen men. That is his specialty. "Mel" Trotter is the greatest evangelist of his times to drunkards. Trotter goes to the drunkard and tells him to hope; helps him to hope; prays with him, talks with him, works with him till he has got a new bone in his back and a new will in his heart. Besides, Trotter has a genius for organization. He is the typical, the ideal rescue mission man; but he has syndicated himself. He lives in Grand Rapids and conducts a rescue mission there; but he superintends a chain of rescue missions that extends from Boston to San Francisco. There are more than thirty of these in all—a chain of life-saving stations on the shores of that vast ocean of hopelessness on which the souls of men in the grasp of drug and drink habits toss helplessly to and fro. And this "Mel" Trotter, captain of all these life-saving crews who annually drag thousands of men from liquor graves, staggered, a drunken bum, into Harry Monroe's mission in Chicago only a few years ago.

ONE WHO WAS SAVED

BUT you say these must be exceptional cases. They do not impress you. Ah! but they should impress you. They are doing it every night in the year at the Pacific Garden Mission, and have been for thirty-six years. Twenty of those years Harry Monroe has been in practical charge. The little mission saved him. Now he, through the mission, by the power of his Gospel, saves thousands of others. In those thirty-six years more than one hundred thousand men and women have knelt at its penitent forms. Men have been reformed from drink, from drugs, from stealing, from every crime known to the calendar. Women, too, soiled and bedraggled women, out of the gutters of that great city, as presently you shall see, have come in despairing and have gone out to hope and to win their way back to character.

Let me show you a typical criminal whose heart was touched in the mission. He sat at dinner with me in a restaurant over on the North Side. This young man had spent seventeen years of his life in penitentiaries; four separate terms in four separate States. A drunken father had sent him early from his home in Pennsylvania. Bad associations had the usual effect. He hit a man in the head on State Street one day with a billy—hit him hard. The judge gave him ninety days in the Bridewell. While there, the associate of criminals, he decided to learn to be a crook. He devoted himself to mastering the technique of thievery. Instructors were all about him. When he came out he began as a "moll buzzer," which, you understand, means a pickpocket who specializes on the fair sex; he buzzes the "molls." That was the beginning only. The man

did not know fear, and does not yet. No man, no prison has ever cowed him. He has never been on his knees except to God. He and a pal held up a train. Detectives found him with thousands of dollars in his possession. He could not explain its presence. His pal got away. My dinner guest was no squealer. He took his medicine. By the time he came out of prison he had devised another specialty. It provided him with easy money. It had one disadvantage. It landed him in prison about once a year for a three- or four-year term. Once he was out thirteen months. He began to think his luck had turned; but no, he went back again. Each term in prison hardened him more. In an Eastern prison he stood by and saw a convict beat a hated guard to death. The convict, standing in wait behind the door, invited him to join. He declined. The guard, sinking under the blows, appealed to him for help. This he also declined. He saw the convict murderer go to the death cell. He saw him march past to the death chamber. He heard the trap fall. And he felt all this keenly. The criminal is not the least sensitive of men. He is one of the most sensitive. He is all feelings. On the intellectual side his mental processes are primary, and more instinctive than intellectual. But my convict friend's fortunes grew harder. They had to shoot him once to capture him, and they did it unhesitatingly. He thought he had knocked the policeman senseless, but he was mistaken. Shouts and then shots came after him. One bullet passed into his leg, and he kept on going. Another crashed into the bones of his back, and he fell.

Seventeen months ago he strayed into the Pacific Garden Mission. He heard Harry Monroe talk. He heard the triumphant recitals of men he had known in prison. Harry Monroe got his wise hand on his shoulder, he got the love of his Saviour into the man's heart. Ever since the man has lived a straight life. He has not made any great success of it. Things in his past have constitutionally unfitted him for steady employment; but he is overcoming these. He is at work now as a clerk.

I heard him stand up in a little North Side mission and tell his story unfalteringly, facing a group of men who had come out of the Bridewell, and he assured them it was not society but themselves who were at fault.

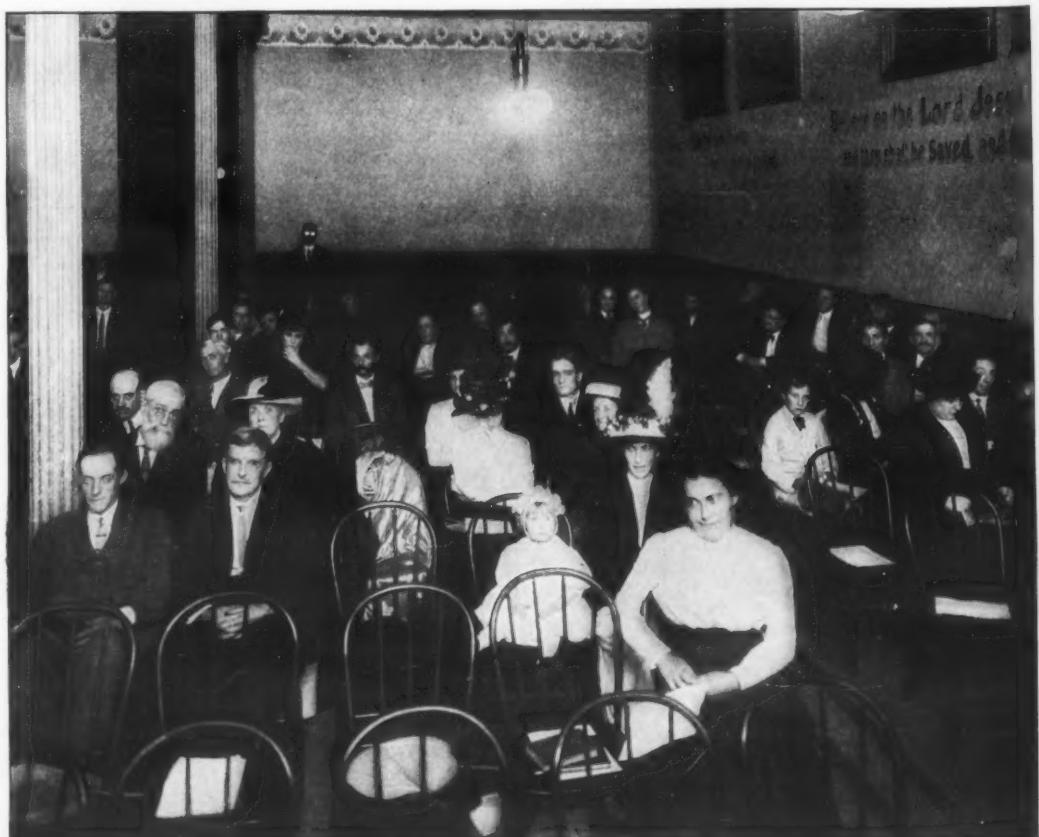
A MODEST, SELF-EFFACING LITTLE MAN

DO YOU think it is easy for such a man to walk the streets, sometimes without a dollar in his pocket, when he knows how to go out and gather a handful in an hour? No, it is not easy; but he has his face set right. He never was a "squealer" or a "quitter," and his friends can see that he is slowly winning.

But it was Harry Monroe I started to tell you about. He is a modest, self-effacing little man, round as a ball, bald on the top of him, puffy in the throat, and leaning back when he stands to counterbalance an overfullness in his front. His features are smooth except for black brows that look like fur patches on his face.

Part of a Pacific Garden week-night audience—all sorts and conditions.

There was a choice collection of human wreckage in the back center, but it melted away when the camera was pointed. Services are held every night.



THIRTY-TWO YEARS OF WORK—FOR OTHERS

FOR thirty-two years now he has stood every night as a coworker in the mission and conducted a jolly—yes, that is the term—a jolly evangelistic meeting. Almost daily he has gone upon the streets to talk and sing his message of hope for the despairing. Wonderful things have happened to this little man, who, with a cap and apron, would pass for your typical jolly innkeeper of French fiction. But no Frenchman, he! Ireland was the heath of his fathers. New Hampshire is his own birthplace; but he will tell you he was born again in the mission in Van Buren Street. And, as I said, wonders have befallen him during his ministry there.

One day on State Street he was talking to a crowd of sporty-looking young men. Suddenly one of them sat down upon the curb and began to look very serious. That young man was "Billy" Sunday, the famous right



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Under these brows are eyes—eyes so small and set in a face so fat that they disappear when he smiles or speaks vehemently. As I told you, too, he once made queer money; but he stopped this for very imperative reasons. In the late 70's he returned again to his old haunts, the streets of Chicago. He was a young, round-headed, hard-shouldered tough, who fought and roistered his way up and down Clark Street and in and out of the saloons on Whisky Row. In his own words, spoken quickly and with slight emphasis on the adjective: "I was a crooked man." Yes, he was a crooked man in what he cynically believed was a crooked world.

Those were the days when Mike McDonald and George Hankins were the king-pin gamblers of Chicago. Mike's place was "The Store," over a saloon at the corner of Clark and Monroe Streets.

Hankins's layout was near the corner of Clark and Madison Streets. These two places became the North and South poles of young Monroe's life. He vibrated between them, drew sustenance from each. Faro, roulette, poker, monte, *rouge et noir*—every device ever used to take money from the padded pockets of cow-punchers, lumberjacks, sailors, or miners who drifted into Chicago to see the world and have a good time, was there. One of the most skillful assistants in relieving these various brands of sports of their money was Harry Monroe. Still, he insists he never was a gambler. The distinction is one I

cannot quite see; but I give it to you as revealing a characteristic idiosyncrasy of the man. He will admit that he made bad money and passed it for good; that he stood men up in dark corners and took their money away from them; he will admit that he was a hanger-on at McDonald's and Hankins's places; that he was a capper and a steerer for their games; that when a sucker was to be skinned he did the job and did it "proper"; but, thank God, he never was a gambler.

When I questioned Harry about this seeming inconsistency for a moment, he said, with a sigh: "Oh, well, never mind if you can't see it; but I can see it, and it's a fact. I suppose people cannot understand how I could run with such a bunch and not gamble, but I never was a gambler."

And so, because the kinks in this man's character are as honest as the open sunshine, I write it down flatly: "He never was a gambler."

Perhaps, after all, there is a distinction here that is worth considering. Perhaps the gambler is worse than the highwayman. Indeed, come to think about it, isn't he? Doesn't he rob more people and work infinitely greater harm? Isn't he far more demoralizing? Yes, honest, Harry, you are right, after all!

AFTER THESE MANY YEARS

TO-DAY Harry Monroe is one of the most respected citizens of Chicago. The great men of that great city admire him; they delight to honor him with their friendship and their confidence. He is a soft-spoken, courteous gentleman who shrinks from notoriety; and yet is willing that his story, commonly known in Chicago, may be widely known in the nation, for the sake of the hope and inspiration it may be alike to men who are down and want to get up and to the kindly-hearted who would help them up if they only knew how. One of the lecture bureaus offered Monroe a flattering number of dollars a lecture for unnumbered nights. He has a family, a devoted wife and charming children who are preparing themselves for a place in the world. That lecture income would be wealth to them and to him. Yet he declined it. It might center his thought upon himself instead of upon the love of Christ. So he toils steadily in the mission from one week's end to the other. He toils for the joy of working, of seeing other men wrought upon as he himself was wrought upon by the spirit of hope from on high.

Now, by the way, the Pacific Garden Mission itself is a reformed institution. Forty years ago it was the Pacific Garden, a beer hall, and one of the worst. But Chicago, in those days as now, had eminent citizens who were both farseeing and unselfish. One of these was Colonel George R. Clark. He was the first man in Chicago to go into the real estate business in a large way, that process of laying out new additions which at one time threatened to bring all of northern Illinois into the city of Chicago. Something caused the owner of Pacific Garden to move. Colonel Clark instantly leased the place and put up the word "Mission" on the old beer-hall sign, leaving the rest of the name standing as it was. Associated with him in this work was his frail little wife, Sarah D. Clark. For thirty-five years, summer and winter, from Sunday night to Saturday night, it is said

that this little woman, in the day of her wealth and in the day when most of it was gone, never failed to be in the mission at night, singing and testifying—I almost wrote "exhorting," but they do not exhort much at this mission—to the scores of broken men and women who now, for more than a generation, have streamed through that doorway to sit in the grimy chairs with sodden, unstirred minds, or sink upon the beer-soaked floors of the old garden and moan out the desire of their wretched hearts for better things.

In the winter of 1880 drink and prosperity were killing Harry Monroe. The "rubes" and the "hayseeds" were easy. He gathered their rolls off from them as the farmers out in the State gathered corn, and he spent it as fast as he gathered it. Whatever else he bought, he

expressed a determination to lead better lives. This idea of a better life began to take hold on Monroe's mind. That must have been what he was thinking about when he turned against the beer in Fitzsimmons's place. As the meeting drew to a close Colonel Clark made an appeal for men to be prayed for. Monroe raised his hand, but almost imperceptibly. It appears, however, that Colonel Clark had been watching him. Anyway he reached his side almost instantly, and said: "Young man, did you raise your hand?" Monroe had a blunt, sailorish way of speaking.

"Sir, I think I done somethin'," he replied shortly. Instantly the great-hearted Colonel had smothered the puffed, trembling hand of the poor drunkard in both of his, exclaiming: "Young man, do you know that Jesus loves you and so do I?"

"That," said Monroe, in telling the story to me—"that was the thing that put me out of business. 'Can I pray for you?' says he. Says I: 'Yes, sir.' We went up to the old mourners' bench, and the old gentleman began to pray. Well, I thought prayer was a mockery. I prayed because he asked me to and out of respect to his interests. However, this is a fact, that when I got on my knees I concluded that it was the right thing, whether any result came or not. It was cold-blooded; it was right to be there whether results followed or whether they did not. And on my knees that night I promised Him that if He would help me I would undertake to live right. I didn't have any great experience, as I hear people talking about. That didn't strike me at all. What I got was just the determination to do right and the conviction that God would help me. I just said: 'Sir, from to-night I am going to live right.'

And now let the writer break into the narrative long enough to say that this absence of any mystical experience is rather characteristic of the man's religion and the marvelous work he is doing. There is little perspiration about his inspiration. There is no cant, no shouting of shibboleths, scarcely any fervor even. The tones heard in the Pacific Garden Mission to-day, under his leadership, are the tones of light-hearted joy. They even laugh when they pray, and they think God laughs, too. They quote Scripture to show that there is "rejoicing in Heaven" when a sinner kneels at the penitent form in the mission, and they reason that there will not be much rejoicing without laughter.

"I AM GOING TO STICK!"

BUT there was no laughter in the soul nor on the lips of Harry Monroe as he set a trembling foot on the stony cobbles of Van Buren Street that night. He was entering upon the grimmest fight of his career. The hooks of hell had held upon him that night, and he knew it. He got a room in a lodging house, but he dared not go to bed. The thirst for drink came over him. They had given him a New Testament at the mission. All night he sat and pored over that Testament. The thirst gripped harder, and he read and prayed the harder. But at five o'clock in the morning he was again upon the streets. A brewery wagon rumbled by. Monroe was so thirsty that he wanted to lick the dew off the hoops on the kegs. He felt that if Lake Michigan had been one vast sea of foaming, lathery lager, he still could have drained it dry. By half-past six he stood at the corner of Clark and Van Buren Streets, hesitating. The crisis had come. He was debating in his mind whether he would take a drink or not, whether all that had transpired would be for nothing. The very quality of the wickedness of his past life came to the rescue. He was a man who had never run away from a fight. He had always gone the limit; had got what he went after. Twelve hours before he had started after a sober life, and now, though all the pains and racks of the alcoholic's hell were torturing him, he would not be defeated. To himself, then, he almost shouted: "No! I am going to stick!"

And he did stick. The battle was a terrible one. It lasted six or seven weeks; but he won, and from telling about it in the mission to becoming Colonel Clark's assistant in that work was really not such a long step, considering the very remarkable talent for soul handling that the young roisterer, now reformed, so rapidly developed.

My visit to the Pacific Garden Mission happened to fall upon the night of the thirty-sixth anniversary of its founding, and I looked about me with wonder upon that dingy room out of which such marvelous influences are proceeding. Monroe was leading the singing with a tenor voice, now somewhat frayed but still effective. The spirit of the gathering was not what one ordinarily



Harry Monroe on the platform of the Pacific Garden Mission in which he was converted from a crooked life 32 years ago. He preaches a happy gospel. Most of the row of men behind him have come up from the gutter through the work of this mission

always got whisky. Whisky, whisky, whisky! until he was a mere ambling barrel of the stuff. Yet no man who is going down—and Harry Monroe was going down—ever plunges so swiftly that there is not a pause of some sort on the final brink of the abyss. Such a pause came to Monroe. He was at the end of a big spree. But a few nickels remained in his pockets. It was time to pull himself together for another "killing." The hour was six o'clock on an early February evening. He was picking his way through Jim Fitzsimmons's place. It was full of sporting people of both sexes. They were moving about and the scene made Harry dizzy. He took his way to an evergreen tree at the back and sat down. A glass of beer was brought to him. He looked upon the "suds," and for the first time that he could remember there was no desire to plunge his lips into them. He was thinking. The black, bushy brows stood up fiercely on his face. The black, stubby hair stood up fiercely on his head. A moment later he jumped up and left the place—almost ran out of it—leaving his beer untouched. In the next hour he was in half a dozen drinking places, but could not drink. At 7:30 he was staggering past the Pacific Garden Mission on Van Buren Street. He did not know it was a mission, but heard the singing and was attracted by it. Lurching into a seat, he stared stupidly around him. Colonel Clark was on the platform. Monroe's brain was clear enough to ask himself: "What is that fine-looking gentleman doing down among this gang?" Then he saw a little lady moving around in the audience, a lady who gave every indication of refinement. The little lady was Mrs. Clark. The trembling drunkard, who had not been so close to a real lady since he left his mother's home, followed her movements with open mouth and bleared, bewildered eye. There were worthless bums there, lower than himself; men whom he had kicked out of his way time out of mind. She had kind words for them. There was a group of women huddled in a corner, looking half timid, half brazen, and altogether miserable.

He knew their kind; he knew what they were; he even knew some of them himself. The little woman had her kind word for them, too.

AT THE MOURNERS' BENCH

WHEN the singing stopped, Colonel Clark spoke a few golden words and the testimonies began, although Monroe did not know what to call them. He listened cynically for a time, until he recognized one of the speakers. When last he saw that man he was shivering in the November blasts, without a shirt, wearing only a thin linen coat, and he would have sold the coat for a five-cent drink of levee whisky. Now he wore clean clothes. His face was shaven. He was not a bum. He was a man. Monroe gazed at him in a sort of wonder. Later there were other testimonies that set him thinking, and even some in the huddled group of women stood and

HIS SENSE OF HUMOR

By HIS FORMER WIFE

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH



Teddy had
come home
and some-
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with him

I ALWAYS supposed it was his sense of humor which made Teddy leave me after our nine years of married life. But when I saw him take his place the other evening on a platform well filled with men and women in evening dress, to make the closing speech in a remarkably witty and brilliant program in the cause of a popular movement; when I heard his soft, persuasive accents, once so mockingly familiar; saw him lift his hand in the old gesture to put back that rebellious lock, my surprise at seeing him in that particular place was swallowed up in wonder at his seriousness.

I stood up in my place at the rear of a crowded hall where many were standing. I stared across the sea of heads at him with round eyes. I had suddenly become aware that he was stating many arguments which I had once formulated to his great amusement. He was profoundly in earnest, or I was dreaming. I sat down before he finished speaking, and shrunk back in my place. I felt as though I myself had been making a speech, only that I should never in the world have been able to do it so well. He was cooler than I should have been, and more winsome; less passionate, but more eloquent. Presently there was much deserved applause.

THE meeting was adjourned. I arose to put on my furs, still swamped in wonder. As I turned to settle myself in my cloak I beheld him standing a few paces in the rear, gazing at me with a tentative smile. I think I stared back at him with cold accusation, for the light went out of his clean-cut youthful features (how youthful he did look!), and the corners of his mouth fell babyishly. I looked away, blinking hard. What was Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba? But, clearly, he was waiting to speak to me, for as I would have passed him in the crowd, he held out his hand. An instant's hesitation, then I gave him mine in the old grip.

"I didn't know you were in New York," he said. "I would like to come to see you."

"I think you'd better not," I replied.

My lips quivered absurdly, and I wanted to fix his tie. Then I remembered our seven years' separation and what it had meant to me, what a vast deal it had meant to me in unforgettable instances.

"I may write, mayn't I," and he felt for his notebook.

I gave him the address, hesitantly. Then, suddenly, I knew it was maudlin to be standing there, shaking hands and telling where I lived. It implied an impossibility. I pulled myself together and said good night. I could imagine him making a delicious anecdote of all that. I laughed, too, when I took off my veil and gazed into my mirror. Nine and seven are sixteen—the years since I took off my veil as a bride.

However, I was not too disturbed by the episode. The translating of French stories went on as usual the following days. Marcel Prévost had not lost his relish—I even translated "The Husband of Mlle. Henderier," that ridiculously pathetic thing of the old maid of forty who fancied for years she had a husband. I was myself *une femme seule très contente*, and forty.

BUT when I have finished my evening paper and am about to choose a book from the shelves, my hand hesitates; I find myself drumming on the desk and staring at the eyes of the Botticelli. I am asking the old question again:

"What made him do it? Was it really his sense of humor?"

We were both newspaper writers when we married, but throughout our married life we were always intending to quit journalism and become authors. Of

course, we had to earn our living, which delayed things. There was a time in Washington when I paid the board bill, earning double Teddy's salary, and more. Then came a time in New York when I had no regular work for a long period. Teddy then paid the board bill and I wrote Sunday stories for pin money. It was at this time I filled long days writing fiction. It was at this time I meditated much and shaped my philosophy.

I WISH to make it perfectly clear how I for years imposed my tedious mental processes upon this poor human being I had ensnared into matrimony under false impressions. He married a girl from the West—energetic, full of daring and enthusiasms. I had a straight blue eye, a man's grip of the hand, a laugh that came from the diaphragm. No one would have called me pretty—but certainly contagiously happy. A square jaw, a long upper lip, should have given warning of what was to come.

What was to come was New York for us both—frivolous, gay, superficial New York, and its reaction upon our different temperaments. Imagine Teddy, supple, slender, clean-cut, sliding into New York ways with a perfect adjustment, laughing back at its Broadway face with merry, all-seeing eyes. But imagine him yoked to a Western woman who refused to go with the current, who set her heels and pulled back like a laser-heifer. This tired man would come home after a day of rewriting and be invited to listen to this woman's interpretations of New York. I prowled incessantly and wrote about what I discovered.

I don't wish to be too hard upon myself; no one does. But I must be fair to Teddy, for this is to be a human document. So my imagination pictures him stretched out on a couch after dinner, smoking a cigarette and, with half-closed eyes, listening to my effusions. Suddenly he would start up in utter disgust and attack my stuff savagely. "All bad," he would declare. I was too tragic, the stories never would sell.

And he was right. They never did. I still have rejection slips which read: "We have felt the charm of this story, but cannot quite visualize it in the columns of 'The ——'." On looking these over, Teddy would exclaim: "What did I tell you? You're solemn and stiff and almightyish. Confound it, why don't you drop the problems of the universe and tell a story?"

THEN, to show me how the thing ought to be done, Teddy would sit down to the typewriter and dash off a complete novelette in an evening. He was called a lightning-speed man at the office. When I tell you he wrote ten thousand words on the death of Leo XIII from a press clipping, you can guess what his imagination was. It flowed like torrents of lava from Vesuvius once it was well erupted. Such times as Teddy chose to write a novelette I sat on the floor and picked up the pages as they fell, scanning them with intensest application.

But try as I would to dissemble, I never was able to make believe I liked his stories. To me they were banal, flippant, sleazy. His characters seemed to chatter like very light-headed people with the sort of sentiment one hears in melodrama. I always wanted to say when he finished a manuscript: "Well, what of it?" And yet he sold them. Not to the publications which could not quite visualize, etc., but to publications which paid him a fair price.

He didn't count that success; at least, he didn't flaunt it over me. He just hammered the stories out when he felt like it, and took me out to dinner with the results. "Here's to tragedy," he would say gayly, lifting a glass, and I would reply under my breath: "Thine eyes are like the fishpools of Heshbon." I could not reply: "Here's to spontaneity," for me there was no reality in all his sentimental output.

Underneath my slow mental processes has always been a desperate desire for the real, and the real has often escaped me when it was under my hand, when it was transacting itself all around me. For the matter of that, when are we ever away from the real, even in melodrama? Some one's reality is being enacted even there. Even in farce comedy there may be lurking a tragedy for the tragic heart.

Just before we finally left New York, to go to Boston on the third *étape* of our married experiences, the Bernard Shaw fad had set in. Friends would call me up by telephone to know if Teddy and I had seen "Candida." We saw it two or three times, and it amused Teddy greatly. I will confess the truth, it pained me. The sparkle of its facetious cleverness thrust knives into me, and slashed the tapestry of my social creed. That was just what it was written for, to torture the grave prejudices of such thinkers as I, plodding along the old ways, striving to find reality for ourselves by delving into the earth, diving to the depths of the sea, staring at the stars instead of observing the obvious so plain to the paragrapher and the newspaper artist.

WE USED to have Saturday night gatherings of fellow journalists at our room on the upper West Side, and the philosophy of Bernard Shaw came to be our chief topic of conversation. I never discussed it much, being kept rather busy making Russian tea. The men smoked, and stimulated with cigarettes and tea, the discussions would wax furious until after midnight. "Man and Superman" had just come out. Whether woman pursued man or man pursued woman was the general thesis. Story after story would be projected in illustration from the memory of these decade-old newspaper writers of the metropolitan journals. From some harrowing tale of a wronged girl shooting her lover in a cab, my mind would make excursions to the "Splendors and Miseries of Balzac." Amid the laughter, staccato utterances, blue haze of smoke, I suffered through imagination while they debated:

"Man is by nature a Mormon!"

"Woman is by nature a Sybarite!"

"Home is the tyranny of woman over man!"

"Man is the victim of suggestion!"

"Woman invented marriage to preserve parasitism!"

I don't suppose there was the slightest seriousness in anyone's thought. It was as if they were all playing in drama at making drama. Somebody's cup was always empty, and I had to attend to the tea table and candles. This preoccupation kept me out of the discussion. In the midst of some battle of absurdities some one would call attention to my facial expression. Then Teddy would declare with mimic tragedy: "She hasn't the slightest sense of humor."

"She's such an infant," one of the women would cry, "she believes in love."

And another: "She thinks husbands are sacred to wives."

And yet another: "She's imagining poor Teddy kicking over the traces and seeking an affinity."

WHEN everyone was gone Teddy would lecture me jocosely on my stiffness while he smoked a last pipe. "Do you know what you are, Toots? You're an anachronism. Or I'll put it to you better: You've lugged Iowa into New York and can't lose it. Sometimes I don't know myself whether you are a reincarnation of Hypatia or just a transplanted Western schoolma'am. Do those little Western colleges fill you so full of Greek history and Milton that you can't ever get it out of your system?"

Our going to Boston was rather unexpected. Teddy had the offer of a substantial increase in salary and



was willing for that reason to leave New York, though he had his doubts about how his sense of humor would fare in the city of idealists and "pikers." I asked him what a piker was, and he replied: "A money-grubbing Yankee with a conscience—a horrible conscience, like yours." Then it suddenly came over him that Boston might have a terrible effect on me. At the last moment he hesitated.

I was left behind for a time to settle up numerous small matters which, owing to his determination to take nothing seriously, usually had devolved upon me. And I stayed behind rather longer than I had expected to, largely because Teddy's sense of humor, recently augmented by reading Shaw, was making for coltishness in fresh pastures, to the detriment of remittances. When I arrived in Boston I found him living at a man's hotel with a member of the staff of his paper, and very reluctant to surrender bachelor comfort. He thought I might go to live somewhere on the north shore and let him come to me week-ends. To my middle-class upbringing that was an impossible arrangement.

He had somehow slipped the bridle of our old intimacy. His astonishing proposals filled me with a vague terror. I could not grasp the situation. I felt like a hanger-on, and was miserably ashamed of it. But I had no sensible, practical argument to offset his nonsense. I could only jumble out nervously that there were our things in the freight house and we ought to get settled.

"What," he cried, "you've shipped boxes to Boston? The encyclopedia, the candlesticks, the Bokhara, and the Browning?" He lifted his shoulders comically and made a grimace. "Oh, Toots, you're in for it. You'll take Boston hard."

WHATEVER Teddy meant by that, and you may understand it who, reading, sympathize with him, I did not take Boston hard. I took it beautifully, even as he took New York. I belonged by heredity to New England, and in Boston I felt my heredity assert itself. New York's lower East Side, fetid and clamorous, answered by New York's Broadway, brazen and bedizened, had wilted me. But in New England soil my roots struck out again healthily. Not all at once, but gradually, I regained the sense of well-being. It was Teddy who took Boston hard, as I look at it. His roots needed a special kind of soil, even as the rhododendrons do in that climate.

I found for us a temporary home in a boarding house near the Public Gardens, where I arranged our things and strove to combat the attractions of down-town cafés by shining up the brasses, rubbing the furniture with oil of lemon, going down on my knees to the rug with ammonia and water. I made sofa pillows and bought potted flowers. I burned a pinch of incense now and then, and kept a new magazine under the drop-light. But it was difficult, very difficult, to reestablish the home intimacy. I tried joining Teddy down town instead of stopping at home until he came, but that was infinitely more difficult, quite impossible.

WHEN so disagrees with a man that he can only stomach it by absorbing antidotes in its most cosmopolitan centers, he is placed under a heavy assessment. We were facing a new season, a replenishing time. I spent many hours in the shops trying to find something we could afford, and I shall never forget the misery a certain haberdashery window on Boylston Street caused me, the things in it were so good-looking and so frightfully expensive. I accused myself of being to blame for our hard-up condition. If I were not so dull and shabby, if I had more tact in concealing contrivances—there was so much of humiliation in my thinking that I sometimes splashed a tear over the darning of hosiery.

But I wasn't taking Boston hard even then. No, indeed, I was waking up to its variety of opportunity. The Public Gardens soothed and perfumed my spirits all the long summer, and tinted my thoughts with the variety of bloom. The English tea rooms overlooking it comforted my loneliness with their exquisite setting forth of home ideas. The Public Library was a great, cool, restful place of beauty to my hungry heart. My

morning walks out Commonwealth Avenue in the mid-way parking made me meet square-shouldered fathers with tall athletic daughters, and hanging over the bridges of the Fenway I watched the equestrians.

To express what all this meant to me I began writing again, and the experiences of a New York woman in Boston sold, sold to one of the best evening papers of the city. Oh, the great relief of working again! And the checks, though small in amount, were grateful. In the fall I was offered the post of dramatic critic. Then Teddy and I rejoiced indeed. We were able to take a furnished apartment and the part-time service of a maid.

IDIDN'T get a tailored suit and a new hat directly, as I should have been obliged to do in New York. Many Boston women are rather frumpy, especially the literary kind, and I set my teeth over the dowdy figure I presented for the first visits to the theatre. We had signed a lease, and the rent was high, so I meant to go slowly. But after a fortnight I stopped one day at a milliner's and selected a new hat—ordered one copied, rather, and to be sent home, and walked up Boylston Street, reveling in my approaching smartness.

When I arrived home that evening Teddy was there on the lounge, smoking a cigarette.

"Anything new," I asked him.

"Nothing much. Oh, yes, they wiped out my salary this week with a judgment."

"A judgment—what is that?"

"A judgment is a decree of the court given to a suitor. My tailor has just found out I am in good old Boston, and has come down on me for a lot of old things—a raglan coat—and—"

"Why, Teddy, you wore that raglan coat out two years ago. Do you mean to tell me it was never paid for?"

"Do I mean to tell you? Well, no; I never mean to tell you anything like that," and Teddy blew some rings of smoke languidly toward the ceiling.

A little later the boy came with my hat done up in a bandbox and marked C. O. D. With the inherited New England conscience jabbing me with needles, I sent him back with it. Then I went into the bedroom, closed the door, and, opening the bottom drawer of the bureau, placed my salary under the paper lining. When I came out to dinner, Teddy asked me who had called. After some subterfuge I told him.

"Now, do you think that's nice," he asked me, thrusting his hands in his trousers pockets and walking up and down. "You've got into a painful habit of doing things like that, of being obviously abused, of coming it over me with superior righteousness. I tell you what

it is, I don't like being made a tyrant of by implication. In fact, Toots, I don't like the domination of unexpressed ideas, the ideas of a piker."

Eh, well, there wasn't anything very much one could reply to that. To tell the very honest truth, I did not at all understand him. My salary was only one-half as large as his, and it took me two weeks to earn the rent. I regarded that as a serious obligation. It was a rather heavy one, but if I'd had any notion of the various demands upon Teddy, I should never have consented to taking this apartment. But now it seemed we were in for a winter of it. We got through three months painfully, and then came January, which, I think, engraved on both our hearts: "We've paid the rent." Also, it seemed to implant a peculiar grudge in the heart of one of us.

There were so many theatres in town I was obliged to go out every evening. Composition, especially critical writing, was always slow work with me, so that I rarely reached home before one o'clock. I don't know exactly how Teddy spent his evenings, sometimes at home alone, writing or reading, often away from home. There was a rather gay crowd on his paper; there were card parties and suppers in the homes of some of these news writers. They never came to our apartment; I think, had I been home, they would not have come. They were not the same sort we had entertained in New York—not theorists but realists.

Once or twice Teddy stayed over with a friend. That worried me. In fact, the grind of night work, the absence of Teddy's companionship, our rather silent meals, affected my nerves. I think I took on an injured air. I know Teddy said once quite unexpectedly: "Couldn't you change your expression, sweetheart? Folks will think I beat you."

IT WAS exceedingly difficult to keep the worry tone out of my writing. There were a number of musical comedies running at the theatres simultaneously. Their brand of humor exasperated me to atrabilious moods. I became lugubrious in my criticisms. The editor spoke to me about it. Ours was a more literary paper than others, but we could not afford to annihilate the farcical in our columns. We needed advertising as well as others, and tolerance for other tastes than our own was not to lower our own standards. In fact, he concluded to shift the staff a little. I might have a day or two "off" and talk things over later in the week.

Teddy did not come home that night and I walked the floor unable to sleep. The following day, having nothing to do, I sent the maid away and shined things to a state of refulgence with the old vigor. Later on I got out some clippings and made notes of the ideas which came to me, mapping out a program for the editor when the time of talking it over came. Night came and I ate a lonely dinner. Afterward I lighted the lamp in the library and sat down to read, determined not to worry. But at nine o'clock I took to walking the floor again. Finally I went into the bedroom and threw myself across the bed. I had scarcely done so when I heard a fumbling at the outer door and sat up to listen. There were voices. Teddy had come home and some one was with him.

"**Y**ES, this is where I live. Look at the place. Fine, isn't it?" he was saying.

"Pretty swell, I should say," remarked a strange, male voice.

"But it's always empty. My wife's at the theatre every night. I can't bear the solemn, beastly place.

That's why I drop in on Harriet and little Frank so often."

"That's a skittish crowd, isn't it?"

"Well, so-so. Not a bad lot, though. They're what I call 'instinctives.' My wife would pounce on that word with joy. Whew, but she'd use it!"

"Very clever woman, I'm told."

"My wife? Oh, clever, yes, if you like. But solemn as Job. You know, she really reads these things—'Industrial Democracy,' 'Battle with the Slums'—puts their arguments into her reviews. She dotes on symphony concerts and Lowell Institute lectures. Look at these walls—Mona Lisa and the Botticelli Madonna. Of course, I admire masterpieces—but along with her solemnity!"

15 (Continued on page 30)



Amid the laughter, staccato utterances, blue haze of smoke, I suffered through imagination while they debated





MY VILLAGE BY RILEY ALLEN ILLUSTRATED BY THE REESES



"We Stopped
At The
Mossy Trough

THE railroad passed My Village by when it cut its arrogant way across the broad acres of our county, and we are glad of it now. There was a time when surveyors and engineers drove their stakes up the valley, and My Village viewed their coming with mingled regret and expectancy. But in the end the road went through Medford, ten miles below, and our pretty lanes and venerable trees were left as they have been for a half century. When I came to My Village it had settled back from its flutter of excitement and Medford sniffed at it with some disdain.

You will look in vain for My Village on the maps; and yet it is not many miles from the big city whose tumult sometimes reaches us from afar. We are beyond suburban additions; the summer boarder is unknown, and as yet the valley is guiltless of "mountain resorts" and those bona fide country inns presided over by French chefs and imported English waiters.

Sometimes automobiles flash along the shady road that leads out of the valley, and gay parties stop for a moment to exclaim with delight at our old post office and the great elm that bends above the horse trough, but we have neither souvenir post cards nor apple cider for sale, and the gay parties go on, honking a little less

loudly, perhaps. Only I and old Dobbin have discovered it, and that is why I call it My Village and rather resent the motor cars and the people from the city.

We are not enterprising, you see. I am afraid I shall never be enterprising, and Dobbin has long ago left off his pranks of coltish youth and achieved equine dignity and repose. In his stout old heart, I believe, he has called it My Village ever since the day when we stopped to drink from the moss-grown trough under the elm. As for me, there was a pretty good sort of a civil engineer spoiled in the making and a pretty poor sort of a painter also spoiled. I knew it in college, when I graduated second in my class and realized that I knew infinitely more and cared infinitely less about trusses and spans and peak loads than about chiaroscuro and composition.

SOMETIMES now I like to think that I stuck to the trusses and spans, serving seven years as Jacob served for Rachel, only my Rachel was a dream of the open road and the clear sky. And there came a day when, an expert now, I passed critical judgment on a great steel bridge over which, almost before the last rivet was cold, a surge of mighty traffic roared; and that same

week in the New York office I shook off blue prints and estimates as one might shake off the shackles. I had a few thousand dollars and some casual investments that seemed bound to uphold my reputation for luck; and there was a tingle of autumn in the air, a tinge of autumn in the woods, to welcome me to freedom.

I am not sure of Dobbin's past, but I think he too had his dreams of freedom. I took him from between the shafts of a milk wagon, the marks of the cruelty of city life in his swollen fetlocks and on his gaunt gray sides, and I led him through back streets to a livery barn and gave him a week of blessed rest. And on a morning such as only early autumn can give to man, we drove away from the city, Dobbin and I and our canvas-topped wagon, caring not at all that folk going to their day's business stared at us, even a little pleased at the curious following of children we gathered.

That is how we discovered My Village, driving up the valley two weeks later, painting a little, browsing a little by the roadside, on terms of contented comradeship with ourselves and the world.

We stopped at the mossy trough, and I saw an ancient sign that announced the post office and general store. Came forth, as we drank, a cheery little man



with a wisp of grizzled whisker and a gnarled and smiling face. I bowed to him.

"Be you the photygraf man?" he asked.

"No," I said. "I'm doing a little painting and a little traveling."

"House painting?" said he. "Sorry, but we jest had one through here two year ago. And mostly we paint our own houses, anyway."

"Oh, I'm not a regular painter," I assured him. "I do it just for fun."

"One of them artists, mebbe," guessed the postmaster, and I admitted it—with inward reservations.

"But not a real artist," I hastened to add. "I can't even enlarge crayon portraits."

He chirped out a laugh, and I ventured to give him a cigar. He looked at it doubtfully, read the lettering on the gilt band, but its flavor tempted him and he smoked. No peace pipe could have been more effective. It was cool under the great elm, the postmaster felt inclined to talk. While he enjoyed my cigar, I enjoyed his dry and racy comments, his slow New England speech; and Dobbin, his eyes closed, his scant tail a-swing like a pendulum, enjoyed a quiet snooze.

"Ef you want ter stay," said the postmaster, "mebbe Mary and me could fix you up a few days."

SO THE first summer boarder came to My Village, only he came in the fall. And I was not a real summer boarder, for Uncle Sid and Aunt Mary Huxtable took me to their hearts with the simplicity, the warmth that makes My Village greater than the cities of the earth. Aunt Mary—bless her! Her heart was pure gold, and her cooking as near perfection as possible for the frail works of mankind on tis imperfect earth. I slept that night between snowy sheets her mother had woven, a dreamless, happy, untroubled sleep.

The next morning Aunt Mary and I found a pasture for Dobbin, and then we went down to the post office to see the mail come in. There was the sound of a rattling cart on the road, and presently up drove the mail carrier, ten miles from Medford. Uncle Sid came out. We do not get much mail in My Village, but I met many of its celebrities there that morning—"Pap" Mason, the shoemaker, Tommy Shaw, the fifty-year-old blacksmith, who, because his father, eighty odd, still labored skillfully at the forge, was regarded as a mere youngster; old Mr. Morton, who had retired from farm life and therefore, he told me, seldom reached his fields until nine in the morning. A gentle-faced, silvery-haired minister, the Rev. Mr. Grandy, pointed out to me the white spire of his church and asked me to visit the parsonage: the druggist invited me to Sunday dinner.

We were still at the post office when I heard another rattle of wheels, and three veterans came up the road. The first veteran was a tall bay horse, the second a buckboard, the third a man in the buckboard.

"Old Dr. Cameron!" said Aunty Mary. "If you want to meet the father of the prettiest girl in the valley—"

I had no time to stop her. Nor am I sure that I should have objected, anyway.

WE WALKED down to the trough. Dr. Cameron sat in the rickety buckboard, almost overwhelming it. A great crag of a man he was, gaunt and huge of frame. White hair flowed from under his broad black hat almost to his shoulders, and his face was tanned and seamed and furrowed. Like some landscapes, it showed the ravages of the years, and his eyes were gray and a little dim and unutterably kindly, but his big hand retained its grip, and his courtesy was perfect. It savored of other times.

"A painter, eh?" he said, smiling. "I am not sure that we can interest you. But you must come to see us—my granddaughter and myself."

He waved his hand to Uncle Sid and the others at the post office and drove on.

"I should like to paint your doctor," said I to Aunt Mary. "There in his buckboard. He's magnificent!" I watched him down the road, and there sprang to the imagination stories of wild midnight rides for life or death, of lonely vigils by the stricken and comfort for the sorrowing.

"He's gettin' old," said Aunt Mary. "Gettin' old, and soon we'll have a young doctor here, they say." I am not sure but she sighed.

Aunt Mary went back to her baking. I consulted Tommy Shaw as to pulling off Dobbin's shoes for the win-

ter, strolled an hour with the minister, learning much of a softened theology, and came home at noon with an excellent appetite for fried crullers and apple dumplings.

IN THE afternoon I picked up my easel and paint box resolutely.

"Aunt Mary," said I, "now for it!" And that afternoon I spent beneath the giant elm. It was very quiet, and the picture moved slowly. A laboring farm wagon or two came past; the sturdy horses, breathing hard after breasting the long hill, thrust muzzles gratefully into the cool waters. The drivers looked almost shyly at me, but we fell easily into talk. Once again the doctor passed, this time driving hard, going past me with a wave of the hand, his white hair flying in the wind and the bay horse trotting with mighty strides. At the sudden noise Uncle Sid came to the door of the post office, shading his eyes and following the speeding buckboard.

"Must be Mis' Aiken," he said. "Jim's ben expectin' somethin' now for two weeks."

It was an errand of life or death, then! And I hoped it would be life—new life ushered into this peaceful valley. Thinking thus, the picture stopped altogether, and I leaned back, listening to the drone of great flies above the water, to the subdued bark of squirrels high in the oaks, the dropping of early nuts. For autumn was painting the leaves in a riot of colors I could not mix.

At four o'clock the down mail came past, on its way to Medford. By this time I had given up painting for the day, and consigned easel and box to the care of Uncle Sid. The mail went on, and I set out for a walk.

There are few streets in My Village. We have a board of aldermen, but we have not yet come to the problems of asphalt or macadam. I hope we never will. My way that afternoon led through wide highways and under elms and oaks as mighty as those at the spring. School children trooped homeward, laughing, rollicking on the streets, and I, who had been brought up on city squares, wondered dimly if it were top or kite time, and if I could regain my old skill at marbles.

The street became a road, a road that had once been broad, for an avenue of ancient and noble maples

Back under the lofty branches the house dwelt, secluded from the highway. It had once been white, and there were still traces of painting on its four tall pillars that rose in front. But now it was gray—gray and old—and vines ran wild over verandas and balconies, and even up to its heavy red chimneys. There had been a wonderful garden in front; even yet it showed love and care, but the kind of care that does not cut nor prune, for the hedges grew high and the beds in spring must have been riotous with bloom. I looked at the great trees, and a simple, stately phrase from my mother's Bible rose unbidden to my mind—"the cedars of Lebanon that are high and lifted up"—only here cedar and elm and oak and maple were gathered like old men in re-gretful talk of their vanished youth and strength.

As I stood there before the gates, thrilling with pure delight at the gray house and the trees, a girl came from the door and stood upon the veranda, looking down the road. And I knew, as I had known the house, that this was Dr. Cameron's granddaughter. I lifted my hat and turned away, but as I went homeward there remained a remembrance of the long, level rays of the late afternoon sun striking through the trees and lingering upon a handsome dark head, of a rather slender figure in the simplest of white, and I regretted that the gates were thirty yards from the house. For I thought, "I wonder if her eyes are gray!"

I had just regained the main road when the buckboard came back, more slowly than it had gone, and Dr. Cameron drew up at sight of me. I noticed that his face was tired and old, but there dwelt on it a kind of light of victory, and I guessed that it was life that had come into the valley.

"I walked up your road by mistake," said I. "But it is a wonderful house. I should like to paint it."

He assured me that I could, and in a manner that warmed me to him. "But I'm afraid you'll find it sadly neglected. It's getting old, like myself, and though Margaret scolds me occasionally, I have not the heart to put an ax to my cedars and oaks."

He laughed a little as he drove on, and I walked home in the clear, crisp afternoon, thinking as I walked that I was glad his granddaughter's name was not Marguerite nor Marjorie nor Margarethe, but Margaret. I am old-fashioned in the matter of names.

NEXT morning after breakfast, as I sat on the back steps smoking a pipe and lazily feeding Aunt Mary's cheerful flock of Wyandottes and Minorcas, I heard a voice in the kitchen.

"Good morning, Aunt Mary. I've come to see your painter!"

Aunt Mary came out to me, wiping floury hands on her ample apron, and behind her was a slender, laughing girl who looked over Aunt Mary's broad shoulder with a frankly mischievous glance.

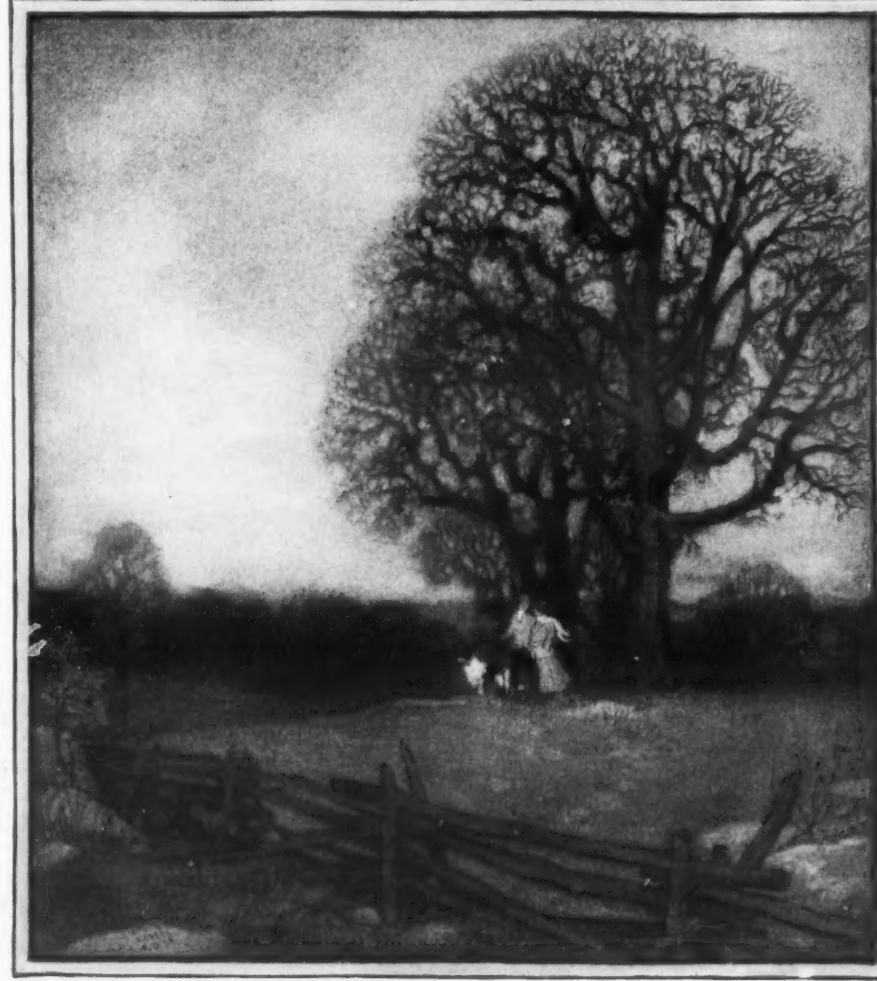
"Miss Cameron," said Aunt Mary, introducing us, and I saw that the girl had the doctor's gray eyes. Hers were long-lashed and clear and sweet, and her face was one for merriment and tenderness. This morning merriment seemed uppermost. She swung a pink calico sunbonnet, she had the direct, unspoiled gaze of a child, and we shook hands gravely.

"I have heard all about you already," said she, "and it's been so long since I saw a real painter—" Her look was one of frank amusement, and Aunt Mary has since told me that I blushed to the ears.

"—and so I came over to see you. But I thought you were older!"

"No," said I, "I am not a bit older." And I regarded her with some uncertainty, but thinking, on the whole, that there was a delightful lack of formality in My Village.

"We all know each other here," she said. "Aunt Mary has been Aunt Mary—oh, ever since I've been a small girl. You mustn't be surprised if I come over to claim you for a cousin. Grandfather said you wanted to paint our house, and I've come to put myself at the



Long Tramps Over The Fields And Through The Luring Forests

stretched before me, forty feet at least from side to side. The avenue brought me to a pair of wide-flung gates, and beyond the gates the road became a driveway, ending in front of a great house that stood back under many trees.

I think I should have known the house at once as Dr. Cameron's, for it stood there massive and full of years, and as on him the years had left their mark.



distinguished stranger's service, sunbonnet and all. Welcome!"

She struck a kind of grotesque attitude of exaggerated ceremony, and we all laughed.

"Don't you mind her," counseled Aunt Mary, beaming with almost maternal pride. "Land, I never get used to her myself. She worries Sid half to death with her jokes and carryings on."

"Thank you, cousin, for your kind offer," said I, and by this time I was recovering from my blushes. "I'm coming over to paint to-day."

AUNT MARY smelt burning pies and dashed back into the kitchen. I finished feeding the clucking flock.

"Now," said I, "I must go bait my charger. Will you come along, cousin?"

We walked across the fields to Dobbin's pasture.

The morning was a jewel's radiance on the breast of earth.

The air was wonderfully clear, the hills seemed a stone's throw above the flaunt of colors in the trees.

So still it was that we heard the long whistle of the train stopping miles below in the valley, and presently, far down above the shining river, a black ribbon of smoke smudged the clean sky.

"I'm glad the railroad passed us by," said I. "Down there it has taken their beautiful trees and old houses and it has taken the old times away. I like your village. I want it to be My Village."

"I like it, too," said Miss Cameron, and she added, "But I hope you understand it—and us. I am afraid you came for local color and types and things of that kind. Did you?"

"No," I answered. "I came because I was tired of hustling around and working hard just to get ahead of somebody else who was hustling and working, too. Dobbin likes it and I like it. So here we stay."

There was no question that Dobbin liked it. He moved leisurely across the pasture as he saw us at the bars, cropping a little on the way, pretending that he really didn't care for the nose bag full of oats that I carried.

Presently he arrived, an anticipatory rumble deep in his old throat. Miss Cameron stretched out a hand and patted him on the nose. He moved up close to the bars, smelt the oats, and decided in favor of the hand. I held out the bag enticingly, but Dobbin dropped his head so that Miss Cameron could rub him between the ears.

"He's not a bit hungry," said I.

"You're not a bit complimentary," said Miss Cameron.

"That kind of a compliment," I declared, "would be out of place in My Village. Anyway, Dobbin has already said it."

WE LEFT a regretful Dobbin to his oats and strolled back across the fields.

Miss Cameron pointed out various objects and spots of interest.

Here, on a little knoll, had once stood a blockhouse, and a Cameron and a Huxtable had fought to hold it against a night attack of savages.

And here was the field where, at a later date, men and women had turned their faces to the sky and prayed for the success of the Continentals in the Ticonderoga expedition of '76. And here, in the old village hall, her grandfather, the old doctor, and eighty others gathered and pledged their lives to the Union when Lincoln's first call went like a bugle through the North. And she told me that before Lee bowed his head to the bearded, silent man at Appomattox, four hundred and sixty out of the five hundred men and boys in that peaceful valley had left it for the scourged red battle front.

"Did you know that Uncle Sid was a drummer boy

in grandfather's regiment?" she asked. I thought of the little dried-apple man at the post office, and looked at the distant hills.

"Now," said Miss Cameron, "you see why I am glad you are not hunting for local color and types to show your friends in New York. If you paint our village, paint it because you love it. Perhaps I am a type, too, but I don't like to know it," and she laughed. With that laugh we were back on commonplace ground. Miss Cameron remembered suddenly she must oversee the construction of some trelliswork in her garden, and I found that I could postpone my painting for the morning and help her.

The Cameron gardener was old and inclined to be suspicious of my intrusion, but when I took off my coat and proved that I could use a saw and hammer, he thawed visibly.

We ran the trellis up to a balcony, and he twined over it masses of wayward and refractory climbing roses so tenderly that I marveled.

"Why, your old gardener loves it!" I whispered.

"I'm afraid he's spoiled, like the garden, and grandfather, and myself," said Miss Cameron. "He's been here a long time. How long have you been here, Ezra?"

"Nigh fifty years," answered Ezra, looking down indulgently at us from his high stepladder. "I planted some o' them trees," and he pointed at a group of stately oaks. "Your grandmother stood there too, Margaret, and watched me plant 'em. And your grandther, he laughed and joked, like all young fellers."

Ezra glanced at me quizzically, and I fear that for a second time that day I grew red. "And," added Ezra slowly, "that was the year afore she was married. They were changing the garden." He touched the roses with infinite care. "She looked like you, Margaret."

Miss Cameron turned away a little. "I think we'd better see about that place for your easel," she remarked.

WE FOUND a spot where the morning sun struck through the great trees and flung a golden light over a balcony. A tall chimney above, a splendidly modulated gable, and a triangle of roof completed the picture.

"With you in the balcony looking out through those old vines—" I suggested.

Miss Cameron shook her head doubtfully. "I am too young yet for that picture," she said. "And besides, doesn't it sound rather romantic for a morning when I must see about cleaning carpets? It's fall, you know." Suddenly her voice took on the—I must admit it—nasal inflections of Aunt Mary. "I must be gettin' ready against winter!" she observed, and Ezra looked around surprised at our hearty laughter in the old garden.

My appetite at lunch—dinner, My Village calls it—was immense. Aunt Mary eyed me shrewdly.

"And how do you like Margaret Cameron?" she asked suddenly.

I thought a moment. "She is a very unusual girl," I decided. "But, you see, I have hardly met her. Tell me about her, Aunt Mary."

"Not much to tell," responded Aunt Mary. "It's been about eight years since she came here from New York, ain't it, Sid?"

"New York!" I echoed, surprised.

"Yes, New York!" said Aunt Mary with asperity. "Ain't all of us country folk. Her father and mother died there, and she came to live with her granddaddy when she was eleven. That's all. We've all loved her since the day she came. She's full of fun as a colt and she's the best and prettiest girl in the valley." And Aunt Mary ended her little speech emphatically.

"I agree with you," said I.

If there is a Father Time and his sickle, he passed quickly, lightly over our valley. We had a few days of Indian summer with its yellow sun and golden haze,

and one night a frost swept the sky clean again and the stars leaped close. Now the faint thud of nuts to the ground, the swift flight of red and yellow leaves, the bracing chill of morning, and the farmers laboring at harvest spoke of the real autumn.

I painted, I tramped the hills and the fields, and I forgot cities and subways and electric lights and steel bridges, except when from down the valley the trains whistled and their dark smoke blemished the sky.

On the second night I went to the Camerons'. We dined in a stately paneled chamber. I found the house far more wonderful within than without, though the evidences of declining fortune were many.

"Our furniture is old," said Dr. Cameron, but there was more of pride than apology in his voice. "And we are simple folk."

EZRA'S wife was the cook and the waitress, the first maid and the second maid, as Ezra was the gardener and the groom and stableman.

Miss Cameron showed me all the house, after dinner, the doctor following with amused resignation at his granddaughter's flings for my lack of knowledge of antiques. I had never held it a crime not to know a Chippendale from a Clydesdale, nor a highboy from any other kind of urchin, and Miss Cameron did not spare me.

"Just think, grandfather!" she cried, "he doesn't know anything, even if he is from New York!"

Together, Miss Cameron with gleeful triumph, Dr. Cameron with a courtesy as old-fashioned and perfect as the grandfather's clock in the hallway, they showed me rosewood chairs, Chippendale, Heppelwhite, fiddle-backed and fragile; a mahogany sideboard that antedated Lexington; glass and porcelain; carved four-posters; a brass warming pan that had kept Cameronian feet warm a century before. I learned at once the difference between a highboy and a lowboy; and a Louis XIV sofa was easily distinguished from a Louis XV sofa after Miss Cameron's withering explanation.

In the midst of it the telephone sounded, sharp and incongruous, and there was a call for Dr. Cameron. He put on his hat and coat resignedly. Ezra brought the tall bay to the front door, saddled, for at night the doctor rode. And I would have gone, but they both exclaimed against it.

So we stood on the great porch and watched the doctor's big figure down the moonlit road. Then we turned back into the house.

Miss Cameron showed me a pair of andirons the doctor's grandfather had brought home from a trip to England. "They are not as good as gas logs, perhaps—" she smiled. But I stopped her.

"Don't—please don't!" I said.

SHE looked at me, still smiling.

"Because," I went on, smiling too, "it isn't fair to poke fun at me." And I became serious. "It's just these things—this village—the people here—I've wanted all my life. I haven't any folks, you know. I was brought up by a guardian, and—well, he wanted me to go into business, and I ran away, and so, you see, I haven't had any home, either. Now I've found a place where things count besides business and money, and you mustn't tease me because I don't understand some of these things that make your home wonderful."

I ended smiling. But I had meant it.

Miss Cameron gasped. "Oh!" she said quickly. "It is I who have not understood. I was so afraid that deep—down deep—you were laughing at us. And it made me angry. Please, please forgive me!"

Her gray eyes were very sweet. I held out my hand.

"Thank you," said I. "Thank you and your grandfather for a very pleasant evening." And I went down the white and moonlit road with my head full of many

(Continued on page 33)



THE TATTOO

By RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

ILLUSTRATED BY H. DEVITT WELSH

THE other day, the train having stopped, I looked out the window. We were at Tulu. I had not realized that I would ever see Tulu Station again, with its red-clapboard, smoke-smutted sides, rising on that triangle of cindered ground between three sets of railroad-junction tracks. A robin had built its nest last summer under the eaves of the station, though for the life of me I could not see why a bird should choose such a place; a single trunk was sitting under it on the platform, catching the drip of the drizzling rain from the station roof, and the tag on the handle flopped nervously in the wind. I wondered how many persons in the world could remember as I remembered, with no little sense of horror, just what I heard and saw at Tulu Station on the 23d day of January.

On that day there was a blizzard, if you will recall it—not a wind-driven, dry-snow blizzard, making feathery drifts on the tracks which a snowplow tosses into a spray, but a straight down, vertical fall of big, slow, moist flakes, apparently dropped down one by one from a putty-colored sky and sticky as if covered with white sirup. Everything groaned, creaked, and snapped under the weight of this leaden accumulation. Telegraph wires dropped and pulled poles and cross arms all awry; the reaching, long-armed, long-fingered branches of trees, lowered inch by inch, finally snapped and lay about in the wallow of the snow like human skeletons. You could see, as the train came into Tulu at the brown and gray dusk, that two tracks showed no signs of traffic and that we could thank the down grade for having come so far.

I SWUNG off the rear platform, watched the crew turning the seats in the empty cars, saw the train back out and disappear behind the wall of the storm before I picked my way, through the sticky mush underfoot, toward the light in Tulu Station.

Inside it was stuffy enough with the heat from a white-bellied stove, and the odor of shoelacking and coal gas, but it could not be said that there was anything within to forewarn of the drama for which that commonplace interior was set as a scene. Even the agent was commonplace. He wore the gloom of Tulu, of the day, and of his lonely junction depot kind. His shoulders drooped, his eyelids, with their sparse fringe of wiry eyebrows, drooped, his mustache drooped, his coat, with tarnished buttons, fell in festooned disorder about his slab sides, and his trouser legs bagged above a pair of old arctics two sizes too large for him. He was studying a train-order sheet, tracing the words upon the yellow paper with a cold and snow-wet finger.

One notices little at first in such a waiting room; it is only after several minutes, for instance, that the senses become conscious of a clock which clacks away with horrible persistence. At almost the same moment that I noticed this measured beating of weary time I felt that human eyes were upon me, heard a human sigh, and from the face of the timepiece I turned to penetrate the gloom beyond the feeble rays of a smoky, greasy swinging lamp, and to see in the corner a face of a single fellow wayfarer, who, like me, was waiting for the train to the seaboard. Such searching eyes I have never seen! As I remember them, they were wide and brown and belonged to a man who had just let youth go reluctantly, but I felt uncomfortable under their scrutiny, for they seemed to be reading my past, seeking to catalogue me according to my position in society, and to dive into the motives which had brought me there and, by divination, determine my purposes and destination.

PERHAPS my feeling under this scrutiny was the keener from the fact that the man who sat in the corner, with his knees drawn up under the settee and his chin resting on his knuckles, did not give the impression of high cultivation or good birth. I wondered that such a young man, with the stain of manual labor still upon his hands and an awkwardness of bull strength in the carriage of his trunk, should be so concentrated in his attention or so intense in whatever thought lay behind his stare of inquiry.

"Three hours," said he at last in a curious, insinuating voice. "We'll have to wait three hours. They say they've sidetracked No. 7 at Devondale and No. 9 will make her regular run. You're goin' south?" I nodded. "Come from up-State?" he snapped.

"Yes."

He sighed as if the inquiry was over, and, getting up, threw his two powerful hands behind him and began pacing up and down slowly and so near the stove that the perspiration began to gleam upon his brown face and wet the velvet collar of his overcoat, which he still kept turned up about his thick neck.

"Did you see him?" he asked.

"Yes," said I.

"Why doesn't he come in? It is cold and wet outside. Like enough he's waitin' for No. 9, too. He's a fool."

Just as if the man outside had heard, the latch of the depot door clicked, and, with the soft sound of the storm, he came in.

"It's growin' cold," he said, with a nervous smile, and rubbing his fat, bare hands together over the rising heat from the stove.

The other man looked at him as he had looked at me, with a gaze which seemed aimed at the depths of his personality. He finished with a shrug of his broad shoulders.

"Maybe it's ready to clear off," said he in a voice much too loud for the little room—loud and vehement enough to rouse the station agent in his little compartment behind the ticket window from a half doze. One would have said that he gave emphasis to his remarks because they had some hidden meaning which careful vehemence would make plain.

"Sit down," said the short, stocky man. "We've got three hours to wait. You make me nervous pacing out them six steps and then back."

The big man glanced at him quickly and angrily, but he sat down in the corner he had left and turned to me.

"My name's Rowell," he asserted, measuring his words like a mechanical device. "I am traveler for the Whippet, Doane Belt Company."

Before I could answer, the beady-eyed man had hitched a chair toward us and, looking Rowell in the eye, said: "Well, mine's Wasson. And, Mr. Rowell, will you tell me why you thought it was going to clear off?"

"I had a feeling—I had a notion—" began the other, with a complete loss of deliberation.

WASSON laughed—an ugly bit of rudeness, and, thrusting his hand in his coat pocket, caused some object within to give forth the sound of metal rattling on metal.

"Why do you laugh?" asked the other.

"I laugh," said Wasson, glancing about the station as if ill at ease, "because if you had that notion strong enough, my friend, it would clear off. That's a theory. Let a man have a notion strong enough and the thing he has the notion about happens. I have an example in mind. I know a case—"

Rowell sat up.

"Well," said he.

"The light is dim," the lizard-eyed man objected. "I'll light this other bracket lamp. You might want to see my face as I tell this, gents."

"It hurts my eyes," objected Rowell, but the other did not seem to hear. He threw the match on the floor, stepped upon its glow with a big, square-toed shoe, and returned to face us from his wooden chair.

"I want to show you gents that a notion is a dangerous thing," he began. "Maybe you'll be interested in this, Mr. Rowell. Next to a notion, the most dangerous thing is a woman. I ain't no scientist, y'understand. But there ain't any more dangerous business in the world than this here power of suggestion, an' in the hands of a woman it is more'n ever the real thing."

ROWELL fixed his unblinking gaze upon the speaker, and shut and opened and shut and opened his powerful brown hands.

"Go on," said he. "Don't wait. Probably you've got a story."

The other had a story. He told it. One would have said he had some personal interest in his yarn. But it was a tale to think about, and except for the ticking of the clock in Tulu Station and a few clicks of the telegraph instrument in the booth where the drooping station agent sniffed and snuffed and yawned, and the purring of the storm outside and a shifting of the red-hot coals in the pot-bellied stove, there were few interruptions.

"I knew of a feller once," said Wasson, in a voice of suppressed excitement. "He worked in a machine shop. He was a big, strong guy with a simple mind.



"E. A. E., says the life guard. 'An' no questions asked.' 'I get you,' says the professor, an' went to work"



His mind was that simple that he never seen the luxury there was in drink or gamblin' or makin' love. And there you are! There weren't nothin' to life but workin' in the machine shop and turnin' the pay envelope over to a widow woman who was his mother. Fer men are like horses, see? They grow up in harness, and not knowin' what it is to get wild and run and smash up things, why, they never does it. You get me?

"This guy lived up-State in one of them manufacturing towns. There was a river runnin' through the place, and after the whistle blew in the summer time, this guy used to beat it fer the swimmin' hole. It was his only bad habit—swimmin'. And, tracin' it back, it was swimmin' that made a—"

HERE Wasson lowered his voice and looked around as if he expected to see accusing faces staring at him out of the chaos of the snow-blind night.

"Well, gents, swimmin' made a near murderer of that guy—that did it—swimmin' and a woman and one of them notions—pretty near a murderer—maybe a chair case."

"Yes, this feller's name we'll call George, and George was like a boy about the swimmin' hole. No fish had anything on him. He was all black from bein' naked in the sun, and swimmin' packed muscles on his shoulders until they looked like the buttocks of a fire horse, and the upper part of his legs was that hard he could crack nuts on his thighs. And a mind like a boy's.

"There come a theatrical show to town, say last winter. In it was a manager named Charles B. Longstreet, nicknamed 'Nickel' because he never charged nothin' more than five cents to any of his summer attractions. Maybe you seen his ads in the 'Showman.' He runs the White City Park. There's a Y. M. C. A. tank in that town, an' 'Nickel' Longstreet, one night when the Merrymount Burlesquers was playin' in town, happens in to some swimmin' and divin' exhibition, and what's he see but George swimmin' in that tank.

"Come down and work fer me summers as a life guard," he says, puttin' his hand on George's wet back, where muscles was standin' out like walnut shells. "It's somethin' soft—good pay an' short hours, an' I want a big, good-lookin' feller like you fer the women to stand and look at."

"George blushes an' says: 'I don't care nothin' fer that. What could I do winters?'

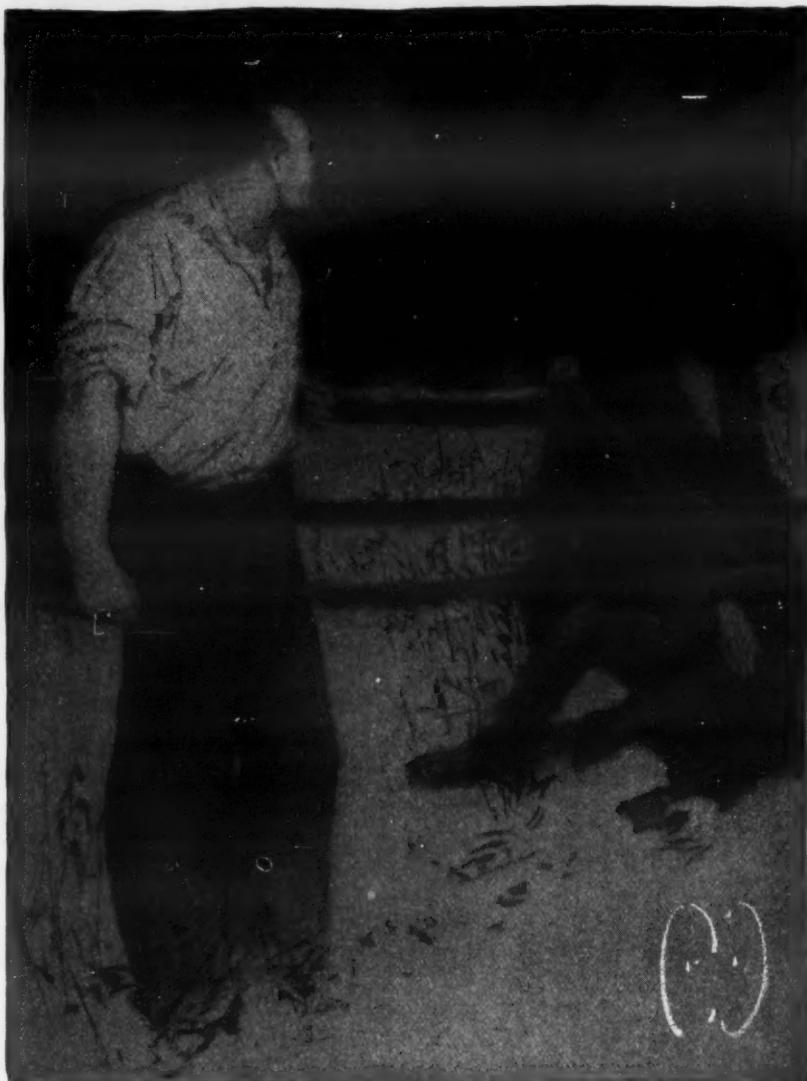
"Take candy from children or get a job with a taxicab—it's all the same to me," says Longstreet. "You're thirty-five if you're a day. Nix on the machine shop fer yours any longer."

GEORGE took the job. He moved his mother down to one of them little apartments over on the hill on the north side of town and got a job in a garage, tunin' up cars, and when it got along toward spring the boss let him take out a few parties in the seven-passenger. By June the guy had knocked off work with the automobiles, and Sunday, the sixth, he appears on Long Beach with red trunks and a white, armless shirt, stamped 'White City Bathhouse. Life Guard.' On Tuesday he swam out twice fer two fools who had gone out beyond Seal Island when the water was still under 50, and it was a newspaper story, and Sunday two thousand young wrens pointed him out to each other, and some asked him foolish questions, and he paid about as much attention to any of 'em as he would to the forms in a show window. He'd got the habit of not seein' women except as the half of folks who wear skirts. Swimmin' was his passion, an' when night came he got into his clothes and beat it home just as when he was in the machine shop, ate his supper, took off his shoes, curled his toes in his socks, and read the baseball news and any story there was about criminals or detectives or the like of that, and then yawned and went to bed.

"Maybe when his mother died the change came. She went four days before the Fourth, an' 'Nickel' Longstreet would have been glad to let the guy off, even though Sunday and the holiday came one night after the other, but George turned up fer work. He seemed the same—only maybe a little more of a simp—big an' good-natured an' stupid an' with a new look in his eyes, like a child that's lost.

"It was the middle of that month when, one afternoon about four-thirty, the special officer, a half mile down the beach, blew 'emergency' on his pea whistle. George

"Finally the big feller throws him up against the board fence there an' broke the top rail, an' seven or eight splinters falls on the snow there."



was rowin' around in the shallow water opposite the band stand an' he jumps out on to the sand and hikes it down toward the dance hall with long strides. Then he sees a pair of arms reachin' for a hold on the air an' a red cap come up out there where the eel grass grows, an' he knows it's a woman an' that she is about all in. He does the crawl stroke in racin' time, so's the little crowd on shore say he goes like a high-power motor boat, an' he leaves a wake of suds on the water behind. He picks her out an' gets her chin over his arm an' he starts back, an' when he gets on shore he wades out holdin' her over his arm like you'd hold a wet overcoat. Her hair was gold color and hangin' all loose and flappin' against his leg as he walked.

"He motioned the crowd aside, and the special officer, who was waitin', says to a frankfurter salesman:

"'He's the boy, ain't he? Watch him lay her down fer me to attend to an' walk away. That's the way he always does. He treats 'em like a dog what's killed a woodchuck.'

"And at that the special was in wrong; George broke his rules. He held the girl over the crook of his elbow. Her face was turned up to the sun—cream white, the color of the back of a celluloid mirror. Her tidy arms lay across that welt of an arm of his an' he stopped a bit an' looked down at her an' pulled in his breath.

"'Let her alone,' he says. 'Gimme room,' an' he turns her over to let the water run out of her, an' then he lays her on the dry sand as easy as you'd handle a door mat, an' he works over her lungs an' moves her arms until she commences to gag an' take in air. An' then he looks down into the pretty face of her again an' nods to the special an' walks away, an' the crowd

cheers, feeble an' sheepish, the way they do, an' nobody thinks any more about it except another doped-up layout for the 'Tribune.'

"But she was the woman. Every man has one. Fate flings him up against her. He's lucky if there ain't fifteen or twenty, say some. But there's a difference of opinion. One is sometimes worse. This one was a milliner's girl—about twenty years old. Her name was Ethel.

"All you got to do is look on the program to see that Ethel was bound to come back. She slanted the life guard's picture in the daily an' it made a bigger hit with her than the savin' of her life. She had a 'two and kitchenette' with another girl, an', with a short-sleeved pongee an' a striped blazer an' a bath-towel hat pinned on her golden hair, she says to this other girl on Sunday: 'How do I look?'

"'You look all right, kiddy,' says big May. 'Only that neck is cut too low for day wear, dear. It ain't refined.'

"If you had a neck like mine, you'd think it refined as the deuce!" she answers. "I'm goin' to the beach."

"Who with?"

"I'm goin' alone."

"A swell chance of it!" says the other, but she was wrong.

ETHEL went to the beach alone, and she went two hours before George went on to watch the bathers after twelve o'clock. You know them girls who is good enough, but has to have men on the string an' baits ten hooks at a time, an' will cry over wheel grease on a dress an' laugh over some poor ten-dollar-a-week guy who's waitin' fer her in a theatre lobby with two orchestra seats, while she's burnin' the wind out of town in a college boy's car with big May on the rumble seat behind. Them girls get skill by playin' the game so much and their hearts is made of lobster salad. This one laid fer George like a female detective, an' she came upon him walkin' along below the roller coaster.

"He recognized her all right. May-be he had dreamed of her—lookin' up with empty eyes an' unconscious at the sky, with that look of innocence on her pretty face. Maybe he— Well, anyway, he knew her, an' there was color added to her beauty now, an' he just stood still as a patrol box an' let her walk up to him with her eyes feedin' on his.

"'You was the man,' she says. 'Nothin' more. She had learned the game. That's all she says, with her eyes swimmin': 'You was the man!'

"'What?' says he.

"And she laughed.

"'I came down all alone to-day,' she says. 'But don't look so worried. I ain't goin' into the water again. Oh, it was horrible!'

"'Yes, I guess so,' says the big stiff.

"'I suppose you're goin' right to work now,' she pipes, turnin' her head on one side.

"'No, I weren't,' he says. 'Not fer a couple of hours.'

"'I hate to stand here—it's so conspicuous,' says she, turnin' in the direction he was facin'. 'My! You're taller an' bigger than I thought,' she says, as they began to walk. 'You know that even when I was unconscious, I knew how strong you were. Somehow I knew just how you looked and that you were tanned. I suppose you know my name already. Of course you do. It's Ethel Adelaide Ellis. I'm a workin' girl.'

"She went on talkin' like that, an' finally George loosened up a few words, too. He'd felt kind of lonesome without anybody to meet him when he went home at night an' put the key in the lock an' smelled that smell of bein' closed up all day. An', more'n that, there weren't any duty not to think of girls an' marriage left. Fate had pulled the harness off this old family plug an' turned him out to pasture. He just began to notice that he couldn't look down an' meet Ethel's orbs without feelin' like a man on a glider.

"'I'm tired,' she says when they had reached the end of the beach. 'I'd like to sit down, but maybe you have to go now.'

"'No,' says the boob. 'S'all right. Where d'yer want to sit—over on them rocks?'

"'Yes,' she says. 'You an' I.' An' them words maybe gave him a case of volplane. He took off his coat, an' when they was seated under the cliff, listenin' to the wallop of the waves an' smellin' fresh seaweed, she put her forearms against his an' compared 'em.

"'My, you're—powerful, ain't you?' she asks. 'An' you're brown. You make my arms look white as the

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Mr. William Faversham as Antony in his revival of "Julius Caesar"

Henrietta Wakefield and Thomas Hardie in the Damrosch-Irwin comic opera, "The Dove of Peace"

SHAKESPEARE AND "SNOW WHITE"

And an Interesting Attempt at Comic Opera in the Gilbert and Sullivan Vein

By ARTHUR RUHL



NO, it is not your Uncle Abinadab, reading a campaign editorial from the New York "Evening Post" aloud at the dinner table. It is Mr. Frank Keenan, at the Lyric Theatre, playing Cassius in Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar," which was written in 1599 or thereabout.

"Why, man," rasps Mr. Keenan, having already explained to Brutus that the ambitious Cæsar is an ordinary man like anybody else, "he doth stride the narrow world like a Colossus.... In the name of all the gods at once, . . . when could they say till now, that talk'd of Rome, that her wide walls encompass'd but one man? . . ."

Mr. Keenan, than whom no actor on the local stage is more gifted in getting things "over," has been criticized good deal for his Cassius. It is objected that he was too cross and too colloquial. To me—although, to be sure, contemporary happenings gave added point to his lines—Mr. Keenan's reading of the long arraignment of Cæsar in the first act was the most enjoyable part of Mr. Faversham's revival of the play. The quarrel between Brutus and Cassius in the fourth act I missed and know not how Mr. Tyrone Power may have carried it off, but in the earlier scenes his sonorous voice became a trifle monotonous. A most unusual

organ it is, as he has many times revealed—but he seemed here to be depending a little too much on its majestic sound alone, and not thinking overmuch of what the lines were intended to convey.

A similar lack was felt in Mr. Faversham's Antony, vivid and pleasing as it was on the whole and amiably disposed, as the spectator must inevitably be to the actor who had the artistic energy to put on the play. The noble Roman Mr. Faversham was, always. He has an unusually fine figure and carriage, a rich and melodious utterance. The picture he makes not only has dignity but a vivid, youthful quality which is undeniably attractive. The lack is that of light and shade, of the suggestion of intellectuality behind that fixed expression, which might almost have been that of a man looking from a car window or driving an automobile—for Antony, although a Roman, was a sensitive, clever, and subtle man.

Indefiniteness such as this assisted in explaining the peculiar pleasure given by Mr. Keenan's performance. Mr. Keenan was no marble Roman, but a very earnest citizen of that ancient town, as much worried over Cæsar as Colonel Roosevelt's opponents were over him a few weeks ago. His performance may not have been in the best classic

(Concluded on page 28)

Little Theatre's pro-
duction of "Snow
White," a fairy-tale
play for children

The seven dwarfs
discover the princess
asleep in one of
their beds, in the





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The Free Lunch—One Kid of

DRAWN BY CHARLES DA



Kid of Thanksgiving Dinner

CHARLES DANA GIBSON

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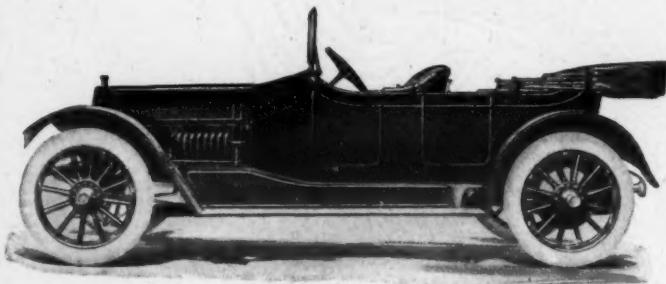
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7-passenger Six	60 H. P.,	144-in. $4\frac{1}{4} \times 7$ in.	\$2500
5-passenger Six	50 H. P.,	132-in. $3\frac{3}{4} \times 6$ in.	1850
2-passenger Six	50 H. P.,	132-in. $3\frac{3}{4} \times 6$ in.	1850
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2-passenger Four	40 H. P.,	120-in. $4\frac{1}{4} \times 7$ in.	1500

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The Tiger Comes to Cambridge

(Concluded from page 11)

able to make much impression on it. There were none of the long runs that the same men had made in Princeton's earlier games, although there were several dazzling starts. De Witt made one successful forward pass to Baker toward the end of the period and followed it with a punt which drove the ball down to Harvard's fifteen-yard line. Felton promptly returned it, and after zigzagging back and forth, with honors about even, the two teams were on Princeton's twenty-two-yard line with the ball in her possession when the first period ended.

The second period had not long been under way when Harvard, with a series of fierce rushes, carried the ball to Princeton's four-yard line. Then Princeton held nobly, and Brickley, the stocky Harvard right half back, who, with his team mate, Hardwick, had been doing most of the rushing, couldn't gain an inch. Things like this used to happen often in the old days. The ball would get down to the line and then just not get over; the drop-kick would hit the goal post and bound away, and the Harvard undergraduates would troop sadly back to the Yard and wonder why—oh, *why!*—the gods must forever frown on their holy war with perfidious Yale.

THE NEW SPIRIT IN CAMBRIDGE

WELL—something seems to have happened in Cambridge. It struck one when Wendell, Harvard's captain, a little lame, retired to the side lines in the middle of the first period, in quite a matter-of-fact, casual way, as if it were understood that a second-string man in good condition is better than a first-string man unable to do his best. And it struck one again now, when Mr. Brickley, instead of dying but never surrendering against the impregnable Tiger line, calmly stepped back and with precision and perfect good humor, from a difficult angle, drop-kicked a goal. This made the score Harvard 3, Princeton 0, and the Tigers got down to business right away. Against the Harvard line they could do nothing. On punting exchanges they lost, and their chance did not come until along toward the end of the half, when from their forty-six-yard line they made three forward passes in quick succession. The first, from Left End Andrews to Pendleton, carried too far and was uncompleted. On the next play the skillful Mr. Andrews hurled another, and this Mr. Pendleton caught by leaping in the air. Harvard's quarter back, Gardner, downed him on Harvard's twenty-six-yard line; there was a try through tackle which Mr. Storer hurled back with characteristic Bostonian disdain, and then Andrews threw the ball again. This time it was caught away over on the right wing by the aforementioned Mr. Waller of Skaneateles, who dodged several Crimson players, straight-armed another, and, after falling down, scrambled to his feet and over the line. The goal was not kicked. Score, Princeton 6, Harvard 3.

The second half brought into the game Mr. "Hobey" Baker, a blond-haired youth from Manayunk, Pa., who, the week before, in Princeton's defeat of Dartmouth, had run forty-five yards through the whole Dartmouth team for a touchdown. Mr. Baker went in at left half back in place of Pendleton, and on him, in almost an empty field often, fell the responsibility of catching Felton's long punts. He did it well and was exceedingly quick and worth watching, although he was never able to get loose long enough to do anything very spectacular. After a few minutes' play Princeton fumbled on her five-yard line and Harvard got the ball. It looked as if a touchdown were inevitable, but Princeton received five yards for offside play and by dogged defense had the Crimson team at the six-yard line after two downs. Again the accomplished Mr. Brickley was called on, and, panting as he was from the rushing he had been doing, he stepped back to the fourteen-yard mark on the next play and kicked another goal. Score, Harvard 6, Princeton 6.

Again the ball went into play, and after a few exchanges, including a pretty double pass by Princeton, which Mr. Bradlee, who was playing in Captain Wendell's place, alertly spoiled, De Witt kicked. Gardner, Harvard's quarter back, made a fair catch on his forty-seven-yard

THE LONG KICK FROM PLACEMENT

THOSE who were near enough to Mr. Brickley hugged him. The rest of us knew all at once that we had seen fame in the making, and that in the town of Everett, Mass., where this gifted young man played on the high-school team, and at Exeter, where he was half back for a year, and in Cambridge his afternoon's work would be remembered. Without the touchdown, which came later, he had won the game by his three goals, and won it not merely as a kicking virtuoso but by continuous work as a line-bucking back as well. As the team was plowing through toward the goal for its touchdown in the final period, Brickley finally dropped, not injured it appeared, but simply all in. They carried him over to the side lines, and he dropped face down in the straw like a sack of meal, and like that, a moment later, four of his comrades luggered him off the field. When Mr. Arnold Bennett, the English novelist, recently viewed one of our games, he beheld a similar sight, and it spoiled, so he said, his entire afternoon. I doubt if it so affected most of those in the Stadium. Although they may have wished that the Harvard back had been relieved a little sooner, they knew enough of football to presume that he was nothing more than "just banged up," as one of those who saw him in the locker room explained to me as we were leaving the field, and they knew how quickly a trained athlete in good condition gets over that. Undoubtedly it is pleasanter for all concerned to walk off the field than to be carried off, and under ordinary circumstances it ought to be done, but if ever a man earned indulgence young Mr. Brickley did. He had fought as bravely as he had brilliantly, and given all that he had for his college and his team, and there was even a sort of grim satisfaction in seeing him thus luggered off—to be bathed and rubbed and rested, and to wake up next morning with a conviction of a hard job well and completely done, which none of the inevitable and more serious defeats of life, perhaps, could ever quite take away.

He did not make the touchdown—his team mate, Hardwick, had that honor—but several of the fiercest final rushes in a fight much closer than the score would indicate were his, and the ball was all but over when he was helped away. Hardwick kicked goal while he was still reposing on the straw that probably seemed as soft as a summer cloud; and although the ball was kicked off again, there was only time for a few plays before the referee's whistle blew and the game was over.

THE END OF THE GAME

SO ended the Tiger's first visit to Cambridge in sixteen years—the first victory for Harvard over Princeton in twenty-five. The band and the undergraduates poured out on the field and did the snake dance up and down it. They cheered Princeton, and the Princeton visitors cheered back, and the two panting teams cheered each other and got over to the locker building as best they could. By the time the last spectators were out of the stands the Princeton eleven, none the worse for wear and looking incredibly young and boyish in their everyday clothes, were whisked away in automobiles for the five-thirty train for New York. Before that, however, all the Harvard undergraduates gathered in a solid bank in front of the locker building to cheer their team. From the aerial crest of the Stadium you could look down on all of them, and that sight, with the sound of "Fair Harvard" coming up through the frosty twilight, and that dark column, thirty thousand strong, moving slowly across the old bridge and up to Harvard Square, was one that those who looked down on it will not soon forget.

PIPEOLOGY

Prince Albert tastes as deliciously in a Deutsche pfeife as in any other kind of Jimmy pipe. It isn't the pipe—it's the tobacco! The Deutsche pfeife shown here has been in service at least 100 years. The bowl is porcelain, the nicotine bag underneath being horn. The stem is wood, and the mouthpiece horn.

My jimmy pipe

Companion of the years gone;
true friend, unchanged by fortune's
flow and ebb;
helpful, inspiring; in life's
battle my confidant, my
collaborator—
my Jimmy pipe!

No man is my friend who
would say of you one unkindly
word; you have earned the best
the tongue can bestow, my
good friend, my true friend—
my Jimmy pipe!

Deny me not a taste of
tobacco from your fragrant bowl;
you have won your reward,
your rest;
but to me, your charm is like
the spell of magic; I yearn for just
one more cool, soothing smoke
ere I lay you in peace and quiet,
so well deserved—
my Jimmy pipe!

Blackened by long years of faithful
service; ready, willing, eager to give
me happiness; beauty
adorns you not, I confess;
but best of all my earthly possessions,
I pay you homage
—a tribute born of enduring
affection,
my good friend, my true friend,
my Jimmy pipe!

Get out your jimmy pipe!

And get it via the speed
line, because time's flying
and it's long since Prince
Albert tobacco sounded the
recall of Jimmy pipes from
attic rafters, dark, musty
den corners and other for-
gotten spots—laid away
simply because fond own-
ers would not stand scorch-
ed tongues, ill-smelling
fumes and parched throats!

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Collier's Tear off



Harry Monroe

(Continued from page 18)

associates with a meeting in a rescue mission. The occasion had brought scores of reformed men and women together from all over the city and various parts of the country. These well-dressed folk, with cheer and the signs of right living abundant in their clothes and features, afforded a sharp contrast to the fringe of bums at the back and a group of shrinking women who sat by themselves. It required considerable imagination to realize that these well-dressed, comfortable-looking, middle-class folk had most of them entered the mission as members of one or the other of the two contrasting groups. The whole air of the meeting was one of jollity. There were no groans, no pratings about sanctifications and holiness; no pleading for second blessings; no traces or signs of theological dogma or sectarian bias. The atmosphere was one of cheery comradeship with God and with each other.

THE MAN IN ACTION

MONROE was moving to and fro upon the little platform, now reading the Bible, now praying or calling upon some one else to do so; now cracking a joke or telling a touching story, or perhaps singing a verse of a song and motioning to the audience to join in the chorus. He appeared to be enjoying himself hugely. So did every one else, excepting that mute fringe of men at the back, who, as they say at the mission, were apparently "all in with sin." Once Monroe sang "The Church in the Wildwood" with such rare sympathy as to bring tears to the faces of many. The order of the service was change, continual change. Songs were short, prayers were short, speeches were short; Scripture readings likewise. Everything seemed to be in vibration; everybody was in tune; yet nothing appeared to be studied and one felt no sense of strain. It was some time before I appreciated the skill and the method with which Monroe was leading.

The spontaneity, the rapid alternation of touches of sympathy, humor, lightness, and pathos, were all skillfully engineered by him. When the atmosphere threatened to become somber, he threw a joke in, or a slang remark that brought a smile. When the levity appeared about to prevail he called for a touching solo, or got a man on his feet who sounded a serious note, and then turned him off just in time to keep the spirit and the interest of the meeting poised and expectant. If Harry Monroe can do with a thousand people what he did that night with two or three hundred—and those who know say that he can—then he is undoubtedly one of the most skillful leaders of assemblies in America.

The utmost good humor prevailed. One convert of the mission chose to celebrate the occasion in rhyme. He appeared upon the platform and began to unroll a long reel of manuscript.

A shade of apprehension darkened the faces of the people.

"Oh!" exclaimed Harry; "it looks like a piece of wall paper." Everybody laughed, and the poet took his cue. His verses were by no means dull and he galloped through them quickly.

"Not so bad as I thought it was going to be," twitted Harry, at its conclusion. Again everybody laughed, and none more loudly than the poet.

ONE WOMAN'S LIFE WORK

BEHIND the pulpit was the shadow of a woman with a crutch beside her chair. Most of the time through the singing and the speaking and the laughing her eyes were closed and her lips were moving in prayer.

"Let us all bow while Mrs. Clark prays," said Harry.

The fragile woman tottered to her feet. Every eye was riveted upon her. This was Sarah D. Clark, whose consecration to the cause of the broken-spirited had not once failed in thirty-and-six years, though an accident had prevented her from attending regularly during the past year. Everybody knew the story of her devotion. Everybody marked the whitening of her hair, the wasting of her features, and everybody thought this might be her last anniversary with the Pacific Garden Mission. She murmured her prayer—short like the others. As she sank into her seat the hand of Harry Monroe was

beating the air rhythmically and the audience was singing:

"Grace flowing for me, grace flowing for me;
O wonderful grace, flowing from Calvary."

Then he shifted swiftly to:

"How I love Him, how I love Him,
Since He bled and died for me."

After which the testimonies began. And such testimonies! There were scores of them—men who stood up and pointed back in time to the day when they were converted, or around into space to the very chair or spot upon the wall or pillar upon, near, or against which they had been when their decision was reached. All, too, had the chronology of their conversion carried down to the present. "Thirty-one years, five months, and seventeen days"; "sixteen years, one month, and two days"; or it might have been only "five years, four months, and fourteen days, and right by that post over there," etc. Thus the stories went, and they carried tremendous conviction in the joyous simplicity of their narration. Without exception, although these reformed folk were talking to comrades who knew their former condition well, they touched with extreme delicacy upon the specifications of their past sins, and with brightness and enthusiastic love of detail upon the circumstances of their conversion.

A young woman stood up and began to speak. Her face was refined but marked by a terrible seriousness. The light in her eye was abundant witness that she had come off more than conqueror in her battle with temptation, whatever it was.

"Street-walker when she came in here," whispered a voice in my ear.

THOSE WHO COME

AHANDSOME young man stood up in the rear of the hall. His face was bright and his manner unusually engaging. A wife and child sat beside him. He spoke with rare charm.

"A professional thief at ten years of age—has spent seven years in prison in two separate terms; converted here five years ago; now the crack salesman of one of the greatest business houses of Chicago," whispered the voice.

This was marvelous. These were miracles beside which the raising of the dead seemed less important. One man of eighty-one, speaking with the enthusiasm of thirty, told how he had been converted in that mission thirty-five years ago; and now with health of body and spirit was at once a traveling salesman and a personal evangelist.

As he finished speaking the audience began to sing:

"Traveling home, traveling home,
Led by Jesus, we are traveling home."

A number of fine matronly looking women, bearing evidence that they came from well-ordered and well-nourished homes, added their testimony. As one of these sat down the audience broke out with:

"Jesus, what a friend for sinners!
Jesus, lover of my soul."

"The keeper of a bawdy house when the mission found her," whispered my voice. It seemed unbelievable!

There was a greater and greater use of song. The meeting was approaching its climax. Monroe was guiding it carefully now, lifting it, swinging it, this way and that as the great Rocky Mountain stage drivers used to lift and swing their teams in and out and up and up over the mountain trails. Monroe held the reins tightly. His eyes had narrowed till they were only slits; their glances were darting here and there over the audience, and especially boring into that fringe of human wreckage which crowded itself into the back seats, or sifted to and fro in the standing groups. Monroe's hands, with their short, stubby fingers, kept moving in the air, as if he were feeling the temperature. With his marvelous power of intuition he had located certain struggling souls in the audience. He was watching, watching, watching! At just the right moment he would let down the net. Suddenly the testimonies closed. A quick, rollicking song burst forth for a moment, was checked, and a solo began from a voice clear and



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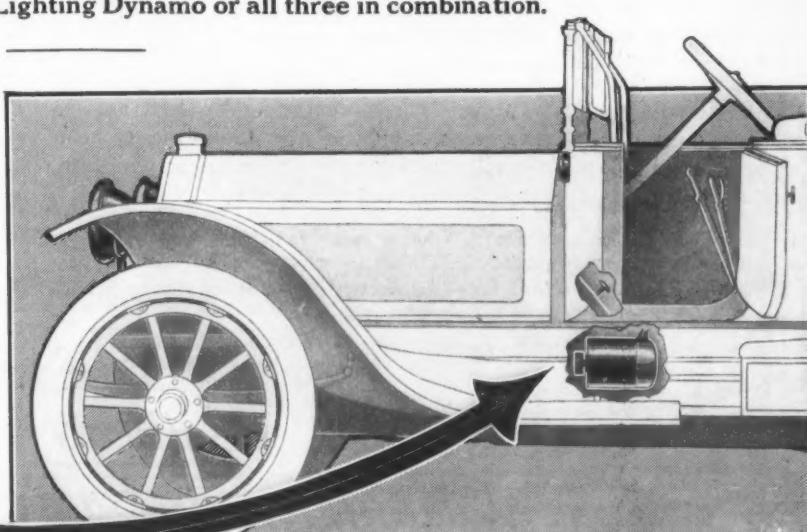
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Write Collier's

Washington Bureau

Harry Monroe

(Concluded from page 26)

sympathetic, with notes that seemed to deliberately search out the hearts of men and women on the floor and then abruptly lifted themselves in larklike soaring circles, as if the very souls of those despairing were being borne upward on the wings of song.

But still the eye of the little wonder-worker played over the audience like a hypnotist. Before the song was quite concluded, an almost imperceptible motion of the leader's hand had waved her into the background, and while the barely finished notes trailed off into nothingness, Harry Monroe was making a short, earnest appeal for men and women who wished to be helped to hold up their hands for prayer. The appeal lasted no more than a minute. The waiting, searching gaze of the mesmeric eye played over the audience for less than thirty seconds. Then a short prayer was offered, and the leader said abruptly:

"The audience is dismissed."

Instantly he and his workers, both male and female, who had been distributed strategically about the hall, were getting

to the sides of the men and women whose hands had been raised, speaking with them, and leading them forward. Amid the buzz of conversations, amid the clump of feet and the scraping of chairs, each worker with his or her subject was kneeling, talking to them, trying to get out their stories, to ascertain the springs of their action, and if possible to induce them to open the floodgates of their feelings in prayer.

In a very few moments it was all over. I watched Harry Monroe at the door making friendly and necessary disposition of the last of them. Thirty-two years ago he had come in that door a conscience-haunted criminal, and had gone out a saved man. Had any such miracles been wrought to-night? I did not know. Harry did not know. One only knew.

But Harry seemed to read my question in the blank look I gave him as he turned around.

"You never can tell," he said. "Mel Trotter came in here like one of those, and he went out as they have gone."

Shakespeare and "Snow White"

(Concluded from page 21)

manner—of that I do not pretend to speak—but he made the old lines bite and hold, as it is his habit to do, whether he be playing a senator in a toga or a gambler with a white poker face in "The Girl of the Golden West." If this be colloquialism, we might easily bear much more of it.

Taken as a whole, the representation was capable and satisfying. The senate scene was designed from Gérôme's painting, "The Death of Cæsar," and the costumes followed pictures by Alma-Tadema.

"SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS"

THE LITTLE THEATRE swings to the opposite pole from "The Affairs of Anatol" in the production of a play for children made from the familiar Grimm fairy tale of "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." Snow White was the little girl with skin white as snow and lips red as blood, whom her wicked stepmother, Queen Brangomar, sent off into the deep wood to be murdered because the queen was jealous of her beauty. The chief huntsman couldn't bring himself to do it, although he pretended that he had, and Snow White went to live with the seven dwarfs, to make their beds and keep house—and you should see the changes she made—for them. How the wicked queen found out that Snow White wasn't dead and came in disguise and tried to kill her with the poisoned comb and then the poisoned apple, and would have succeeded but for the faithful dwarfs; what the magic mirror said and how the wicked queen turned ugly at last and Snow White came back and married Prince Florimond and lived happy ever after—all this is set forth, and most delightfully, in the play.

There is no space here to describe the hundred and one little "touches" by which Miss Jessie Braham White, the author, and Mr. Ames and his producer, Mr. Platt, have transferred into stage terms the freshness and quaintness of the fairy story. All the players, including the really charming little children, seem to know just what to do, and to do it with as much pleasure to themselves as to the audience. That children will like it is certain, because the audience at the dress rehearsal was mostly made up of them—brought in from some institution—and they laughed aloud at the jokes, stood up when anything startling was about to happen, and got more and more excited as the play went on. And grown-ups still pliable enough to look out of a new corner of their eyes for a little while will like it too.

"THE DOVE OF PEACE"

MR. WALTER DAMROSCHE and Mr. Wallace Irwin are about as promising a team as could be got together on our side of the water to continue the Gilbert and Sullivan traditions in comic opera. The result of their collaboration is offered in "The Dove of Peace," a whimsical view of the results of permanent universal peace.

The music is the better part—that of the

ordinary musical comedy of commerce is not to be mentioned in the same breath with it. Mr. Irwin's gifts as a rimester are well known—some of the lyrics "compose themselves to music," as Mr. Damrosch remarked in his curtain speech the first night—and he combines with unusual verbal facility a wide-awake newspaper man's knowledge of affairs. It must be confessed, nevertheless, that Mr. Irwin is not as funny here as he can be and that whimsical starts have commonplace ends more often than one would wish. When the sailor, a sort of Dick Deadeye character, wails that the captain used a word that day which wrung his heart with pain, or words to that effect, you get ready to be amused in the Gilbertian fashion, which would consist in giving this horny-handed tar sensibilities incongruously delicate, whereupon the sailor rather flatly explains that the word was "fired." This is not saying that he hasn't provided an amusing book, and the entertainment as a whole, with its interesting music, is of a kind as refreshing as it is rare on Broadway.

"THE BLINDNESS OF VIRTUE"

IT is a trifle ungracious to dismiss as a tract a play which has so much genuine charm as Mr. Cosmo Hamilton's "The Blindness of Virtue." We are taken here into an English vicarage household and made to feel at once not only that the author is familiar with that quiet sheltered life but that the players are, too. This might be the actual vicar of East Brenton, Middlesex, and this his brisk, capable, tactful wife. So might Effie be his daughter and young Mr. Archibald Graham, sent down to the country to "read" with the vicar, actually an Etonian, and a recent student at Oxford. In short, these are what are known as "nice" people, and the spectator gets not only that but the feeling, through the lines, that the author is "nice" too.

This is a quality rarely met in our theatres. While it has little or nothing to do with dramatic values, it has a good deal to do often with the spectator's pleasure. It is pleasant to feel at home, even in the theatre, and conceivable that more enjoyment may be found in the peaceful and even parochial adventures of such genuine human beings as these than in the startling evolutions of the brassy savages created, for instance, by Mr. Henri Bernstein.

The play is a tract, nevertheless, in the sense that its purpose is to preach—in this case the author's conviction that parents should acquaint their daughters with certain fundamental facts before their natural but misunderstood instincts lead them into situations which might otherwise be avoided. The same theme was worked out in tragic form here last year in a German play, "Breath of Spring." The tragedy is only approached here, and the play ends with everybody in it sobered but enlightened, going in to a cheerful English breakfast.



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Dell H. Munger

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By Sarah Comstock

When nineteen-year-old Terry, astride a bony old gray cow-pony, bare-headed, her girlish slimness evident in a dress of heavy blue woolen, crosses the path of Dexter Hayden, the enthusiastic young pioneer fresh from an Eastern University, the love story finds its first impetus. From the brilliant blue-skied days when they hopefully plow the wilderness together we watch the two characters building a climax of dramatic intensity. *Decorated Wrapper. Net, \$1.30.*



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By C. N. & A. M. Williamson

Authors of "The Golden Silence," etc.

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C. N. Williamson

A Woman of Genius

By Mary Austin

Suppose you felt it in you to become a great emotional actress, an artist or professional woman, would your husband help you or hinder you? Suppose he and your friends disapproved, would you give it up or follow the desire that possessed you? That's the theme of Mary Austin's great story.

Pauline Mills, sheltered, tenderly kept, inflexible in her "adorable womanliness," shapes the world to her standards. Genius, a force as irresistible as the tide, takes no heed of Pauline Mills, but it takes up its abode in Olivia Lattimore. How it works in her and through her is a story which turns the feminine inside out with remarkable candor. *Decorated Wrapper. Net, \$1.35.*



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O. Henry

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By Jack London

These are good red-blooded tales of the South Sea Islands as Jack London knows how to tell them. David Grief, the man about whom these yarns are spun, was once a light-haired, blue-eyed youth who came from England to the South Seas in search of adventure. The life threw its spell over him and he remained. Tanned like a native and as lithe as a tiger, he became a real son of the sun. This book will do for the South Seas what "The Call of the Wild" did for Alaska. *Illustrated. Net, \$1.20.*



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Leroy Scott

His Sense of Humor

(Continued from page 15)

"Guess I'll be toddling."

"Oh, have a smoke. Wife won't be home for an hour. No? It's the atmosphere here, I tell you—you can't resist it. She exudes herself into the very walls. 'Thou shalt not' is writ large o'er all. It hounds me!"

"You're proud of her just the same. Her cerebration is the real thing."

"Her cerebration—do you like that beastly grind she does? Tell you what I think: she's the legitimate mental offspring of William Winter. She loathes Bernard Shaw."

THERE was a burst of laughter, followed by more aimless talking, and the man took himself off. I remained perfectly rigid, sitting on the edge of the bed in the dark. After about a half hour I walked out into the library and found Teddy fast asleep on the couch. I regarded him scornfully for some five minutes, then took off his shoes and loosened his collar and left him.

In the morning I got up early, shined his shoes, put out clean linen, and fixed his bath. Those were my middle-class notions of being a good wife. Then I set about making a pot of strong tea. He seemed determined not to waken, but at last he roused with a start, drank off his tea, and made ready for the office. He looked at me dubiously from time to time, but made no attempt to talk. For my own part I suppose I was ominously silent. So he left the house almost without speaking. Not knowing what else to do, I set about an examination of conscience.

I had had what Teddy would have called an "uncommon jolt." The editor's rebuke, coupled with the conversation I had been guilty of listening to the night before, laid a heavy hand upon me. I felt that something tragic was about to occur. Just as the clock struck ten Teddy reappeared. He walked into the dining room without taking off his hat or overcoat. I followed him and stood by his chair.

"What is the trouble?" I asked.

He pulled a blue envelope out of his pocket and threw it on the table.

I SIMPLY looked at it without touching it, for I knew the significance of the ominous color. It was the office stationery.

"What have you been doing?" I asked fearfully.

He cast one expressive, whimsical look at me and folded his arms resolutely.

"What are you going to do?"

"Going to New York."

The tragic thing was named. I clasped my hands on my breast and let it go through me. Then I said agitatedly:

"It could be fixed up if you would apologize."

"Yes, but I won't. The devil take them! Worked my nerves to a frazzle on that murder story for six weeks. Your blessed New England jury brings in a verdict of 'guilty.' Must have a victim! Oh, I know the temperament. Well, I expressed myself about this sacred Commonwealth!"

I saw it all, the group of men in the city room. Teddy's dramatic outburst, his refusal to write the lead according to editorial sanction. It must have happened yesterday. Since then he'd been with the "instinctives," reading Shaw.

"If you'd explain," I faltered, clasping and unclasping my hands.

"They'd never understand in a thousand years. Neither would you. Self-righteousness, condemnation, Puritanical smugness forbid."

"Does it seem like that to you?" I asked humbly.

"It seems—how can I make you feel it—as though I were dominated by a solemnity which is appalling. It seems as if the birds couldn't sing, the flowers grow, the children laugh. The very pictures on the wall change their expression and the books on the shelves their meaning because you own them. Can you understand that? I suppose not. Very well, understand this. I want to go to New York and I want to go alone."

WE were very still for a few minutes. When I looked at him he was searching my face with a hard gaze.

"It can't be as bad as all that," I said.

"Why are you looking at me so?"

"It's just as bad as that, and I want to know what you are going to do about it?"



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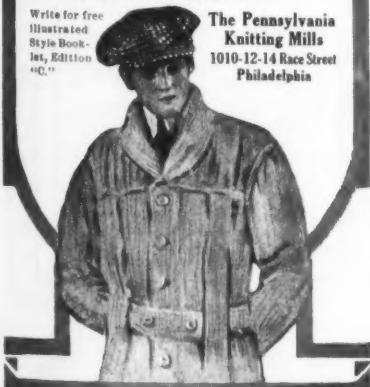


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**FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
MADE AT KEY WEST**

His Sense of Humor

(Continued from page 30)

"I—I'll stay right here. There's the lease—"

"Thank God, there is. I forgot it." Teddy laughed wildly and then came around the table and kissed me. "You always were a brick, Toots."

I spent the day helping him get his things ready. He did not ask why I was at home and not at work. In the evening he went to the office of his former chief, and, after talking with him, talked to New York over the private wire. The New York office was glad to make a place for him, it seemed. His temperament got recognition, his salary a boost. There was handshaking all around. Teddy was all right.

HE spent a half hour telling me about this, and left me jocosely, much earlier than was necessary for his train. There was not a scene, there were no tears. He held me in his arms at the last and kissed my eyes. Then, as he picked up his bag, he patted my cheek. As he stood in the open door he laughed: "Toots and her lease. God send you win out, booful darlin'."

When the door closed I struck my eyes with the flat of my hands so hard the eyeballs ached. Then I sat in the dark library for two hours, thinking, thinking as solemnly serious as my soul desired. I thought our obligations gripped me, but it was the theorists who gripped Teddy.

From the time he left me, I began to be successful in journalism, as in the old days before our marriage. Ideas multiplied in my brain. I was active, resourceful; nothing was too laborious, nothing too baffling to undertake. I became a "piker" in earnest, saving ideas, not money, formulating them, organizing them, "putting them across." Every city has its journalistic bogy, and I captured Boston's. A book outlined itself from accumulating data; it grew in spare time and eventually was finished.

Teddy had followed my work from afar, occasionally writing a letter of commendation. He wrote me about the book, and, as a footnote to the letter, suggested that an absentee husband must be an unpleasant incumbrance. For his part, he said, he seemed instinctively to live alone. The suggestion was painful, but in time I got used to it, and in time acted upon it. A decree of absolute divorce was mine on Christmas Day before I was forty years old.

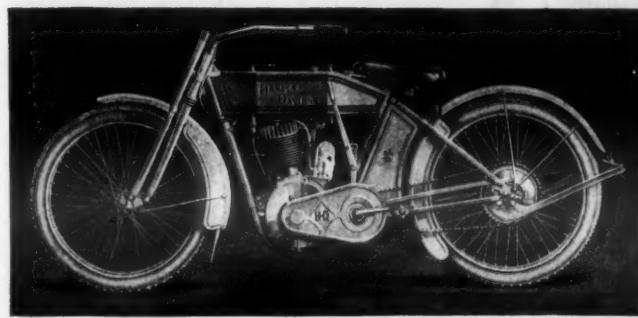
AS I have tried to indicate, I have always been slow in my mental processes, constructing things like a brick wall. Every brick which I have accepted has first received considerate examination. When I put it in my wall I put it there to stay. So I have accepted concepts of religion, concepts of sociology, concepts of men and women. I had a concept of New York which eventually drew me back to it, a place where a vast deal of constructive work is required to care for the tide flowing through its gate, to Americanize the inflow, that the outflow to the prairies may not destroy democracy in the nation's interior.

I argued that the metropolis was large enough for me to move in without encountering Teddy. But I heard of him the first week of my arrival. He was doing the things I had planned to do; he was associating with the men and women I wished to associate with. People who did not know of our past relationship spoke of him to me as one of the rising young men. A few persons who did know whispered to me of his movements and accomplishments. He was so beautifully serious for one so young. He had such noble ideals. He had thrown himself into the progressive movement heart and soul. He had even sacrificed an editorship to stand for what he believed. He was writing plays that his ideas might be visualized.

NOT until my own ears heard his arguments could I believe, however, and even then I was swamped in wonder. Young, of course he is young, and always will be. But serious, earnest, constructive—well, notes, leases, and marriage had not meant much in the past. What were for him the indissoluble compacts? What was the instinctive mood which was governing him now? Why had he wanted to come to see me?

The answer came to me yesterday like a bolt from the blue. My wall of brick

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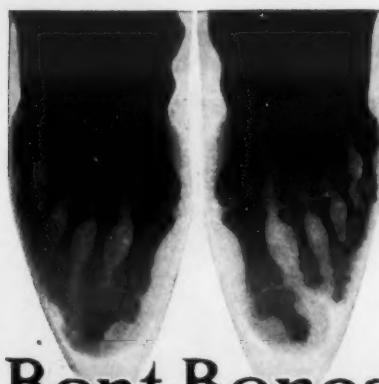
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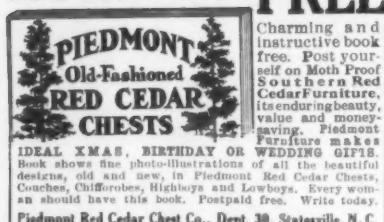
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His Sense of Humor

(Concluded from page 31)

and mortar tottered. Through rents and gashes the sunlight streamed into the cellarage, exposing toads and lizards of unlovely thoughts, long resident there. I sat on the shattered structure and beheld them scooting out and away. My cherished prejudices were exposed to my own vision.

"Do you know what Edmund has done?" a woman said to me in a dark hallway outside a committee room. She shook me as she asked, holding me by the shoulders like a culprit. Why was she shaking me, and why were her eyes glowing into mine like torches? "He has married." "Who?" She spoke the name of one of the loveliest of ladies, of one whose name stands for every ideal which I would ever have cared to stand for, one who has been a mother, one who has worked for the social good, one who has written graciously and faultlessly, one who not only loves symphonies but is herself a symphony—in fact, one who had succeeded beautifully where I had bungled.

I HAD finished my paper a few minutes ago and again my hand sought the book on the shelf. To-night I did not hesitate. I fetched forth a book of books, and I read in it:

"For you, O broker, there is no other principle but arithmetic. For me, commerce is of trivial import; love, faith, truth of character, the aspiration of man, these are sacred; nor can I detach one duty, like you, from all other duties, and concentrate my forces mechanically on the payment of moneys. Let me live onward; you shall find that, though slower, the progress of my character will liquidate all these debts without injustice to higher claims. If a man should dedicate himself to the payment of notes, would not this be injustice? Owes he no debt but money? And are all claims on him to be postponed to a landlord's?"

I turned the leaves and read yet again: "The individual is always mistaken. He designed many things and drew in other persons as coadjutors, quarreled with some or all, blundered much, and something is done; all are a little advanced, but the individual is always mistaken. It turns out somewhat new, and very unlike what he promised himself."

I replaced the book upon the shelf and again sat staring at the eyes of the Botticelli.

"You cannot write fiction," she of the unfaltering gaze remarked placidly. "You have not the slightest sense of humor, nor have I. But I told you what I thought of life when you wrote your book. Ask the other lady about this."

I TURNED to the Mona Lisa and contemplated her long. After a time I folded my hands on the arm of my chair and smiled, too. For the Mona Lisa's smile is very, very wise.

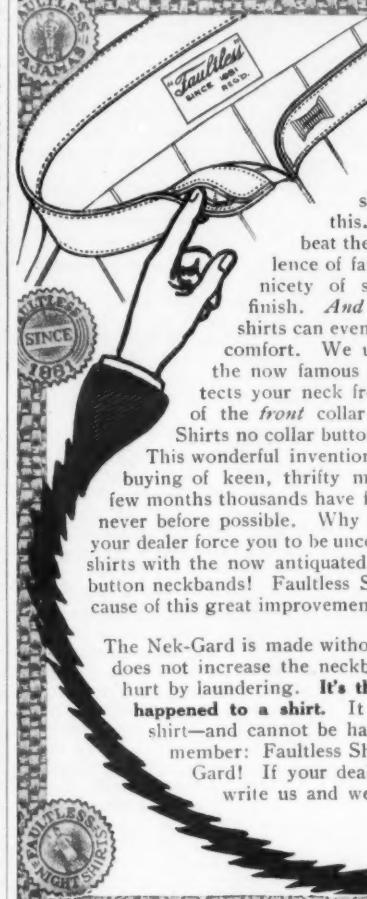
The Bugaboos



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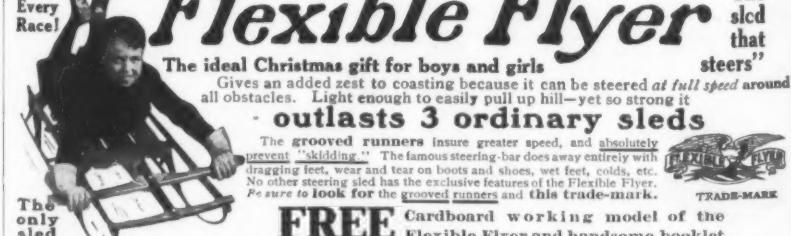
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My Village

(Continued from page 18)

fancies, in which a young girl played considerable part.

"Aunt Mary," said I the next morning at breakfast, "I must find a stable for Dobbin soon, for I'm going to stay all winter."

Aunt Mary and Uncle Sid beamed at me, each over a pair of spectacles.

"Got to paint that old Cameron house 'fore you go, ain't ye?" asked Uncle Sid. I told him there were many other things to be painted. But I am afraid they did not believe me.

Somewhat after this it mattered little that my painting progressed very leisurely, and that Dr. Cameron's garden proved itself absolutely unfit for persistent application. After the first week, under Miss Cameron's mockery, I confessed that I had come into the country to regain control of shattered nerves and to rest a worn-out body. She looked at my six feet one hundred and eighty-odd pounds in such derision that I quailed inwardly.

THAT autumn was a period of bright days hurrying one upon the other's heels before the approach of winter: a period of full harvest, of harvest moons that made My Village a lovely and enchanted spot; of hills decked out ever more gayly in reds and browns and gorgeous yellows. It was a period of long tramps over the fields and through the luring forests; of drives at night when old Dobbin, scenting somehow the savor of his own long-ago youth, loitered along the silvered roads resolutely unconscious that he made a third party.

And even before the first breath of winter came down from the north to send the last scarlet leaf scurrying into hiding, I knew that I needed the gray-eyed girl who was my companion on all these long tramps and quiet drives. I knew that the miracle of love had come to me, as straight, as true as I had come to My Village two months before. And I rejoiced to think that I was free to claim it, and to speak it proudly, as a man should speak of love that fills his heart.

Autumn flung her last handful of golden riches over the valley, and then came the sharper touch that meant winter. One morning, dressing in my room that was now a little chilly, I heard a sharp knock on the front door below. Uncle Sid answered it.

Then I heard his voice, a queer voice, calling to Aunt Mary. I ran downstairs. Aunt Mary had already gone, and Uncle Sid's ruddy face was white.

"Old Doc Cameron has been hurt," he said, as solemnly as prayer. "Fell and got hurt last night, and they sent for Mary while they're gettin' young Doc Barnes from down to Medford."

That was a terrible morning in My Village. I do not think there was any work done. We hurried to the store. It was gray dawn, but already half the men I knew were there, and many women. The story was soon learned. Dr. Cameron had been called in the night to bring another fragile life into the valley, and as he rode homeward after another victory over death the veteran bay horse, that had taken him so faithfully on many a weary round, had slipped on the icy road. Some one heard a horse whinnying loud in the night, and had found Dr. Cameron unconscious in the road, the bay standing over him and nosing the doctor's face with human anxiety.

THEY carried the doctor to his home, and the young Medford physician, with two diplomas and all the fashionable practice of the summer resort, came up in his smart gig and examined him, with a bright professional manner that seemed to me like an insolence. There were no bones broken, he said, but there might be internal injuries. And to Miss Cameron's anguished questions he answered jauntily that he guessed there was nothing much the matter, only a bad fall. Then he mounted his high gig, and his smart trotter took him back to Medford.

All that winter Dr. Cameron lay on his bed, sometimes a little conscious, sometimes rallying a little. A new doctor moved into the valley and saw him every day, each time shaking his head doubtfully. The spine was injured, he thought. But as spring came on and the hills burst into living green like birds into song, as the bright days again trooped one after the other and warmth flooded the valley, the doctor left his bed. He moved around a little on a cane, bent and uncertain.



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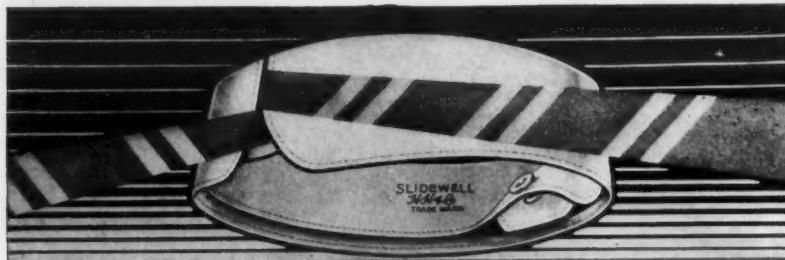
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My Village

(Continued from page 33)

But he never regained his strength. All day, as spring advanced, he would rest under a great cedar, on a bench he himself had fashioned when Miss Cameron's grandmother was a young wife, and sometimes, sitting there, he forgot the passing years and spoke as if he talked of that other Margaret. On his face came a look of peace and of nobility that moved one like a psalm of exaltation. And one quiet afternoon in early summer, as he sat gazing over his garden, we heard him call "Margaret!" in tones of great joy and love, and a moment later, when we had hurried to his side, we found him at rest forever, smiling in his long sleep.

So it was death that had finally come into the valley, but not as a defeat for the gentle warrior who had won so many battles. I have never seen men and women weep as on the day when they buried Dr. Cameron on the high hill above the river, where those who lay there could watch its shining flow.

THE months of daily and nightly care had shadowed his granddaughter's eyes, and for a while the merriment was gone from her face.

"I think I will go away somewhere for a rest," she said to Aunt Mary and myself, but she did not go. And presently, the splendid youth in her triumphing, she laughed again and we planned picnics and excursions into the woods, and I vowed to speak my mind.

But there came from the world I had gladly forgotten a telegram. Another bridge to be built; my old employers called me. I declined, and they sent another telegram, squandering money in a long appeal that tugged at my pride as a builder.

"For three months, then," I answered, and packed in a disgusted fury. Then I went to see Miss Cameron. "It's only going to be a few weeks," I explained, "then I'm coming back."

And I went away cursing myself that I had not spoken. But the gray eyes seemed a little distant in their glance. I ground my teeth and registered an oath to return in a month.

The bridge was like the labors of Atlas. It was out over a savage western river, and for two months I slept in a rude pine shanty and toiled as in a nightmare. Structural steel was delayed; there was a strike somewhere that held back men and material; plans were changed overnight by a smug board of directors sitting in their New York offices; a rival road stole half of my construction crew. Three months went by and two on top of that. I lost twenty pounds, but we flung the bridge over at length and I went to New York.

IN the office a letter had been held for two weeks. I did not know the cramped, quaint writing. It was from Aunt Mary. I read all the news of My Village, from Mr. Grandy's latest sermon on Basic Belief to Tommy Shaw's marriage with the pert, seventeen-year-old miss in the drug store. And at the end Aunt Mary wrote:

"Old Dr. Cameron's place is to be sold. When things were wound up, he didn't leave a cent, and Margaret is going away. They say a man from Medford is after it for a summer hotel."

Dr. Cameron's place sold for a summer hotel! Margaret going away!

My employers never forgave me—at least, not until afterward—because, still reading the letter, I tore out of the office. But I caught the first train to Medford.

In the smoking car, where I sat chewing a cigar with some impatience, I met a pleasant young chap and we fell into conversation. I told him I was going to Medford.

"So am I," said the pleasant young chap, and when I told him my home was near, he pulled from his pocket, in a burst of undeserved confidence, a well-thumbed piece of paper.

"There's a bully place for a summer resort going begging out there," said he, "and it's up at auction to-day. You must know it—some old doctor's place up the valley."

"Yes," I said, without enthusiasm, "I've seen it. It's a nice place." And I measured him with my eye. He looked prosperous, and my heart sank.

"And do you know," he went on, confidentially, "I believe there are two others

on this train going out after it, too. It was handled by our man for the Medford agent, and he has been doing some great advertising—Colonial, old furniture, lots of trees, and all that sort of thing. We'll make it famous if we get it. There's an art collector on the train, too, I think."

I WAS on the steps when the train whistled for Medford. Before the pleasant young chap was off the cars, I had found the only livery stable in town, and Mr. Josh Riggs, proprietor, cleaning a buggy. He told me he had four.

"Here," said I, "I'll take your fastest horse and a light cart for all day, and I'll give you fifty dollars to tell anybody else that comes along that you haven't a thing left and they'll have to wait."

"Elopin'?" asked Mr. Riggs with interest. "Seventy-five."

"Not eloping. Just trying to beat out a couple of city fellows on a deal. Sixty," I told him, and Josh wagged his head, chuckling. And thereby tore down a reputation for thrift he had spent a lifetime in building up. I did not regret the sixty when I saw the handsome young three-year-old he harnessed in a twirling.

Those ten miles from Medford seemed forty. It was close to noon when we swung out on the road up the valley, and it was nearing one o'clock when I reached the post office. Uncle Sid came out, to start back with wonder at sight of my foaming horse.

"Where's the sale?" I called. He did not need to ask what sale.

"Over at the house," he said, and I told him to get in beside me.

"I'm not going over," he answered. "Seems like Mary and me just couldn't bear to see old Doc Cameron's place sold that way."

But I cried to him to hurry, and he came. And I talked fast as we drove through the quiet streets. Before we turned into the wide driveway Uncle Sid was more excited than myself.

THE sale was set for one o'clock—I had seen that from the piece of paper on the train. It was five minutes to one when we reached the house, and already the auctioneer, hired by the real-estate man in Medford, had mounted a chair on the lawn. Around him there were a score of men that I knew and many of their wives. And there were many others from the valley below and from Medford, drawn to My Village by the news that the old Cameron house was going under the hammer. There was even an auto with two young chaps and several pretty girls. We drew up before we came to the gates, and walked in, so that they did not see how my horse had been driven in that last hour. I looked for Miss Cameron.

"She's not here," said Uncle Sid, guessing instantly what my glance meant. "She's over with Mary. She couldn't see it sold, neither."

At a minute to one o'clock the real-estate agent looked at his watch, went out to the road, returned with obvious reluctance. And I knew that his expected purchasers had not arrived. So I whispered to Uncle Sid.

Uncle Sid went over to the agent. "Ain't this sale set for one o'clock?" he asked. "I wanter bid."

"Ye-es," hesitated the agent, again looking at his watch, "but I'm rather expecting some more people."

"Look here, young feller," Uncle Sid returned, "tell that man o' yours to git up and start in. It ain't legal to hold this." They had some words, but Uncle Sid was in the right, and the agent, after a whispered consultation with his auctioneer, yielded surlily.

THE auctioneer read with horrible slowness a long description of the place and its contents, and then after a long pause he called for bids. The bidding started slowly. One of the city men put up a feather of three thousand. Another man jumped it to five, and old Mr. Morton, who had come to look on, made it six on the chance of a bargain. It hung at six. Finally the first man from the city, glancing sharply at Uncle Sid, threw in a sudden "Ten thousand!" and then Uncle Sid, with some deliberation, raised it a hundred. By hundreds and fifties and



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My Village

(Continued from page 34)

even tens they began to go up. I hardly listened to the bidding. I was waiting for those wheels down the road.

As I stood on the outskirts of the crowd, one of the city men came and drew me aside.

"You're the man behind that old farmer," he said.

"Am I?" said I.

"Yes, you are. Now look here. I'm in with the chap bidding against your old party now. We came here because we heard some big hotel men from the city were after this. We're interested in that summer place at Medford, and we don't want rivals. See?"

I SAW. "If you're here to start anything in that line, we'll take this if it goes to forty thousand. But we don't want it. Now here," and he whispered in my ear, "you can make us run it up, but you can't break in here with a hotel. See? And if you'll call off the old fellow now, there's a thousand in it for you. It'll pay expenses, anyway."

"My friend," said I, "I'm not in the hotel business. I'm here because I don't want a hotel within ten miles of the village. See?"

"Sign an agreement not to buck us and we drop out now," he cried.

"I'll give you my word," said I.

He looked at me. "You're on!"

So at twelve thousand six hundred the other city man dropped out like a shot and Uncle Sid raised the figure an economical five. The real estate man growled, his auctioneer droned "Twelve thousand six hundred and five—and five—who'll raise it to ten—to ten—" until I could have knocked the chair from under him, for he was plainly playing for time—and for those wheels down the road. But at the end of five interminable minutes, his raised hand went slowly down.

"Who takes this property?" he said to Uncle Sid. I answered, "I do," and handed him a check.

He was still turning it doubtfully over in his hand when the wheels I had been listening for sounded, and the young man I had met on the train dashed up. He was too late. And he took it with a smile, came to me, shook my hand and acknowledged he was beaten.

"You certainly tied up the transportation supply in Medford," he declared. "Twelve thousand six hundred!" and he groaned. "But I left those other two men trying to buy horses. I'm glad you're not in this for a money proposition. Good work, anyway." Then he shook my hand again and followed the crowd as it went out the gates. The real-estate man sourly turned over to me the keys of the house, and he and his auctioneer drove away. Uncle Sid, happy as a boy, fidgeted around the lawn.

"Now, Uncle Sid," I cried, "hurry home and tell Miss Cameron that the new owner must consult her about business here on the premises. Don't tell her who the new owner is, and get there before some one else does!"

UNCLE SID hurried away, and I was left alone in the garden. I walked around under the trees—my trees now—and looked at the great old house, lonely there in the quiet garden, the curtains drawn. Dr. Cameron was gone; his granddaughter had fled from the bargaining away of the house and its vines and trees; even Ezra, the gardener, had left his beloved flowers. I wondered if the house would welcome a new tenant. And a tiny whisper of fear came to me as I waited.

Then I saw Miss Cameron walking slowly up from the gates, and I went to her.

"I am the new owner," said I. "Congratulate me, cousin—and I hope you are a little glad yourself because the house will have some one here that loves it."

"I do congratulate you!" she cried, gasping a little with surprise and trying to smile so bravely with such a quivering mouth and the tears so close to the gray eyes that I was silent as we went together up the walk. I led her to a bench under the trees. And suddenly the tiny whisper of misgiving was silenced, and all my doubts and fears vanished and I took her hand and held it in both of mine.

"I am the new tenant," I said to her, "and I love it all, Margaret, as I have

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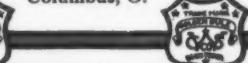
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Brilliant Oak Heater

36

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My Village

(Concluded from page 35)

loved it from the first. But I cannot love it if you are not here, too—here to make this old house and this old garden full of life and joy and peace for me."

Her hands were trembling in mine, but she lifted her face and looked at me steadily as I went on:

"I came here away from the noise and the tumult, and I found such a life as I had dreamed of. And I found you, Margaret. That is why I loved the house and wanted it—to be ours, always. I want you to be with me. We will have to go into the noisy world, sometimes, but always we can leave its din and its hardness and its silly striving behind, and come back here together—come back home, dear, to our village and our trees

and roses, and our house—if it will welcome me gladly because of my love. Will it—will you, dear?"

Then her hands ceased trembling and she looked up at me with such sweetness in the gray eyes, such tenderness in her face, that I needed no other answer, and I held her close a long and happy time.

THE afternoon sun fell gently through the trees, and presently it struck upon the western windows and they flashed in the warm light.

"The old house is smiling, Margaret," I said. "I believe it does welcome its new tenant."

"We welcomed you long ago," said Margaret, smiling too.

The Tattoo

(Continued from page 20)

anythin' to do with this Longstreet again. That's what I come to say.'

"It is, is it?" she says. "You've got a nerve. Well, then, you better go while the goin's good."

"You heard what I said," the big feller repeats. "That's all. Good-by."

"The next day was Tuesday, an' George went on at twelve o'clock at the beach. The water was gettin' cold toward the end of the season, an' there weren't half a dozen who took a chance with the surf. He got dressed early, at five, an', comin' out of the bathhouse onto the strip of board walk, he meets his boss just gettin' into an automobile with Ethel.

"He watched 'em go off, an' then he climbs the wooden stairs that run up beside the Surfside Café. There's a door at the top, an' he knocks an' asks for 'Sailor' Jerry, who lives there.

"I come to get a little art," he says.

"What do you want-anchor?" The grand old flag? Eagle an' wreath?" asks Jerry. "I never seen you on the beach without sayin' to myself what a good subject you'd make. What'll it be?"

"Well," says George, "I just want three letters."

"Where'll you have 'em?" says the tattoo artist.

"Put 'em here on this flat place on the arm."

"Right-o. But you'll be back for more work when you see what a swell job I can pull off," says Sailor Jerry. "What letters?"

"E. A. E." says the life guard. "An' no questions asked."

"I get you," says the professor, an' went to work.

"When the job was done George hopped on a car an' went to town. May was at the apartment, but she was goin' out.

"Sit down, George, an' make yerself at home," says she. "I thought you an' Ethel had passed some talk."

"The life guard didn't answer. He waited alone, watchin' the lace curtains blowin' in the dog-day wind that blew up the narrow street, an' he might have been figurin' how the Sox would be beaten for the pennant an' he might have been wishin' his mother was alive so's he could go back to her an' get some comfort. His arm still hurt him, but somethin' in his solar plexus pained worse—like somethin' had been taken out of him with a knife.

"IT was eleven when Ethel came in. "So you're here?" says she. "I thought you'd be around when I seen you to-night on the beach."

"I came to say good-by," says the guy.

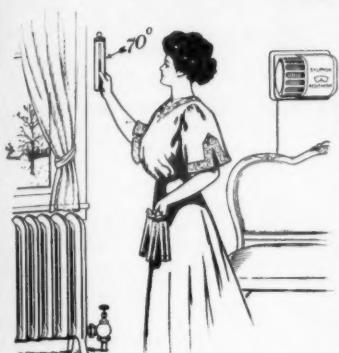
The girl turns a little white an' then laughs an' powders her nose.

"Look!" says George, rollin' up his sleeve. "You know what this means!"

"She turns a couple of shades whiter when she seen her initials tattooed there on the big arm. Maybe she wanted to burst into tears. She didn't do it. She gritted her white teeth together an' stuck out her jaw.

"Listen to me," she screamed at him. "You've gone an' done it. Very well. Take it from me you'll be sorry. It's nothin' to me. I hate you—you overgrown boob!"

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The Tattoo

(Continued from page 36)

But you'll be sorry. The time'll come when the police will get you by them letters on yer arm. You ain't never done any wrong, you say. No, but you will. You won't never see them letters but you'll think how some day you'll do somethin' an' they'll be lookin' for you.

"An' she pointed her finger at him, an' her eyes was blazin' an' red, an' she was like a tiger.

"Oh, you've done it," she cries, whippin' herself into a fury. "You'll watch them letters an' wonder when you'll do wrong, an' when they'll come an' tap you on the shoulder an' say 'You're the boy with E. A. E. on yer arm in India ink. Come with me.' Oh, you'll do something, all right. Don't forget what I say. Look at them letters every night when you go to bed. They'll make you do wrong—they letters. You can't shake 'em. They won't wash off, an' some day there'll be a card at the headquarters with yer name on it an' yer photograph, an' it'll say 'tattoo mark, right arm, E. A. E.' I tell you I see it written just like it was written on this ceilin', so help me! And now—get out!"

"He had listened to her with his jaws fallin' open. She had blown at him like a storm. He had stared at her, an' when she was done he looked frightened an' shook his head as he went out. When he gets home he lights the gas in the chandelier and pulls up his sleeve, an' there is the letters E. A. E. on his arm. He begins to wonder what he would do to get 'em out in case the police was after him. In the mornin' he looks at 'em again.

"HE felt ashamed of them letters an' he didn't want to have the gang on the beach to look at 'em; he got the notion that some of 'em would have somethin' on him. He could almost hear the division Cap assigned to inspection at headquarters say: 'Jim, go out an' pick up that guy with the E. A. E. tattoo.' He could almost hear some gent in the witness box sayin': 'Yes, I know this man. How? Why, it's a cinch! He's got an E. A. E. on his arm, right here—a tattoo mark. He used to be the life guard down at White City Beach.'

"So he winds a rubber bandage over the place when he goes into the water an' tells them who asks what's the matter: 'Oh, I got a sprain.' When the late fall days were sunny, he'd sit on the sands an' stare out over the water, an' maybe he was thinkin' how he wished he could forget this Ethel an' her cunnin' little ways, an' maybe he was hatin' his boss, 'Nick' Longstreet, old enough to be her father, who was sendin' her presents an' passes to the theatres, an' takin' her around, an' maybe he was thinkin' how he could get them letters off his arm, so's he wouldn't have to look at 'em when he pulled off his clothes at night, or sit on the edge of the bed when he put his feet out in the mornin' an' read 'em over again an' try to laugh over what the milliner with the gold hair had screamed at him, with her eyes shinin' fire. He was alone a good deal. But the tattoo letters on his arm was always with him.

"When the beach closed up an' the concession men had hoarded up the fronts of their shops an' the cold wind began to blow the dry sand in piles all over the board walks, an' flags that had been put up on the 'Divin' Girls' Pavilion' was all whipped to strings, an' the sea gulls came in an' lit on the rail of the band stand, of course George wasn't workin' any more as a life guard. He had his job back at the garage, but three or four times he goes down to White City an' looks at the cold water an' listens to the squawkin' of the birds, an' when he's sure no one is lookin' he pulls up his sleeve an' looks at the blue marks on his arm. An' once he takes the point of his knife an' picks at them little dots the way a man tries to get splinters from under the skin.

"I'VE got a hunch that the big guy wondered, too, about Sailor Jerry, who had put the ink into him, where he was layin' up for the winter an' whether he had forgotten the job he'd done on the arm. An' he heard some one say tattoo marks could be taken out by milk shot into the flesh with a hypo needle. But he was afraid to go to anybody to get it done because then somebody else would be next to the E. A. E. an' put the cops wise when he pulled off his crime.

Which is the Sensible Way to Keep Your House Clean?

Of course you want your home clean. Not merely clean-looking but absolutely, sanitarily clean. If you simply remove the surface dirt and dust with broom and dust cloth, your home appears clean, to be sure. But what about the germ-laden dust that your broom stirs up, that pollutes the air you breathe—that settles in your food—that settles in your rugs where you or playing children stir it up and become infected. There is only one way to safely remove the disease germ-laden dirt and dust.

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The Tattoo

(Concluded from page 37)

"He wondered what his crime was to be. He hadn't any idea, see? But he had begun to believe the girl was right. He'd seen it in dreams. He'd got the notion. He'd have put money on it. Some day he was goin' to pull it off—and make the notion real. He practiced not jumpin' when people came along from behind an' put a hand on his shoulder. He wished he'd hurry up an' do the dirty work an' have it over. He wished the chance would come so he could take his medicine an' beat it, flyin' from the law with nobody knowin' about them tattoo marks but Ethel A. Ellis an' Sailor Jerry, an' probably both of 'em crazy to tell.

"**W**ELL, he got his chance all right. It was a week ago at close to midnight. He was workin' late at the garage, an' his old boss, Longstreet, the showman, comes up in a seagoin' night hack an' gets out an' comes walkin' on tiptoe between the noses of automobiles pointin' at each other from the two whitewashed walls. The light was dim, but the tattooed man could see that 'Nickel's' face was white an' scared.

"George, old top," says Longstreet, "I'm in trouble. I've got to get a good car an' get out of town. I want to prove an alibi, see?"

"What been doin'?" asks George.

"It's a woman," says Longstreet. "Maybe you remember her—a skirt named Ethel. You knew her. I've been doin' a lot for her—a regular meal ticket an' ticket agency for her. Flowers, candy, an' a set of furs she wouldn't take. She's been stringin' me, see? She got sore tonight an' calls me some names. We was in my office in the Bankhead Building. Well, I was mad after I done for her. I talks back an' then she tells me she's just been givin' me a jolly an' never would marry me or nothin', and finally when I walks toward her she slaps my face. I'm blessed if I can stand that. I beat her up, see? She threatened to get a warrant for me, an' I got scared an' beat her up some more. I lost my temper. When she come to I shut the door an' goes out. She'll make good on this; she'll have me pinched. You got to get me out of town, see?"

"**G**EORGE slants the feller an' his diamonds an' his yellor overcoat an' goes up so close to him he could smell the violet water.

"All right," says George. "Get in that racin' car—the gray one."

"For the first time in many a week he rolls up his sleeve an' holds the tattoo mark up to the light as if he didn't care who seen him lookin' at it. Then he cranks the car an' they starts.

"Just seven hundred an' eighty feet from Pine Island bridge, on the way to North Tawney, he stops his engine. The night was dark. The interurban had just gone in from its last trip.

"Get out," says George.

"Somethin' broke?" asks Longstreet.

"You got to get out," the big guy says. "So Longstreet got out an', without sayin' a word, George, pullin' off his coat, rushes on him like a load of bricks, an' he winds one set of fingers around the manager's fat neck an' set 'em into it as if the neck was a lump of putty, an' with the other fist he sledge-hammered the poor gink until no more sounds come out of him. There ain't a sign on him of a blow from anything but a fist or a scratch except what comes from the grip of them fingers.

"Finally the big feller throws him up against the board fence there an' broke the top rail, an' seven or eight splinters falls on the snow there. The feller's head was floppin' around as if it was tied onto his body with a shoe string, an' his arms was like two strips of flannel, an' the body had about as much life in it as a string of spaghetti.

"**T**HEN George sees the diamonds an' the bulge of the pigskin pocket-book, an' he thinks maybe that robbery is as good a motive as any. So he takes 'em, lookin' up an' down the road for automobile lights. An' then he thinks of the girl he couldn't forget, an' he wallops the thing in front of him again, an' picks up the body an' chuck's it over

into the ditch an' stands an' listens to the wind moanin' over them stretches of salt marsh.

"**B**UT it's cold, an' he cranks up the car an' turns her around an' goes back to the garage an' puts his arm in front of one of the acetylene lights an' reads over them letters E. A. E. an' wishes they weren't there. He knows he's got to beat it. Maybe Ethel will tell what's on his arm, then there won't be a headquarters in the United States that won't be lookin' for that mark.

"Well, he was right!"

The man had evidently finished his story; the clock in Tulu Station clacked away again vehemently.

Rowell's breathing had made itself noticeable, too. He sat with his big shoulders bent forward and his eyes fixed upon Wasson's as if he were held in a magic spell.

"The man—ain't dead—is he?" he asked, clenching his big fists.

The other shook his head. "It looks as if he'd pull through," he admitted.

"Did the girl tell?" questioned Rowell, shivering as if the station were not a smother of heat. "For God's sake, what a story! Did the girl tell? Did she tell about the tattoo? Why don't you say something?"

WASSON smiled cynically.

"She told everything," said he, fingering the metal things in his overcoat pocket. "The game's up. She squealed on him. Where'd you think I knew about the E. A. E. if she didn't?"

With a violent motion of both huge hands, Rowell covered his eyes.

Wasson leaned forward.

There was a little decisive click.

"Bracelets for yours," he said easily.

"Take 'em off of me!" screamed the other, trying to get up from the bench. "Take 'em off of me! You've got the wrong man! Take 'em off!"

"Sit down or I'll knock you down," roared Wasson. "I've got it on you right. The girl even said you'd be here, George. Sit down!"

The other man stared down at the steel cuffs that bit into the flesh on his sinewy wrists: he seemed to be making an effort to calm himself.

"Look here," he said. "Listen to reason. You've got the wrong man. I'm the big life guard's brother. The girl telegraphed me that George was in trouble an' that she was leavin' for Europe with him to-day. That's right. I'm tellin' you straight. She told me a man would meet me here and give me the particulars."

Wasson laughed outright. "You say she has skipped with George an' that you're agent for the Whippet Doane Belt Company, an' you ain't the man, but his brother, an' that the man an' the girl has got out of the State an' is goin' to live happy ever after. A swell story! Oh, what a swell story! An' this to me—Inspector Wasson. Ain't you ashamed of yourself?"

"It's the straight goods," said Rowell. "The girl Ethel—the little golden-haired milliner—has put one over on you. If you don't believe it—why here!—look—pull up my sleeves!"

WASSON put his hands forward and unbuttoned the man's shirt cuffs. He rolled back first one sleeve, then the other.

"E. A. E.," said Wasson, with a smile on his fat lips, and, reaching for the bracket lamp, he held it above the great, bare, muscular forearms of the prisoner.

The skin upon them was white as a woman's and unmarked by so much as a pin prick of blemish!

Wasson sighed, unlocked the handcuffs, and sat down.

"Some girl that—Ethel A. Ellis, what?" said he. "I guess she an' yer brother has made their getaway!"

At eight-thirty o'clock we three—Rowell, Wasson, and I—caught No. 9 going south, and from the life guard's brother and me the police inspector, who taught us a little game of cards, won two dollars and forty-five cents, the exact price of a round trip from Tawney to Tulu Station.

Announcement

This is the beginning of a concerted endeavor on the part of a few manufacturers of pure, honest food-products to arouse the American public to a realization of the need for intelligent discrimination in the purchase of what it eats and drinks, and to provide a simple, effective means of recognizing those foods which are pure, wholesome and honestly labelled.

Earlier efforts to awake public interest in this important problem have not fully met the situation, because they have been largely negative—they have told the consumer the names of a few evil foods and dishonest makers but have been silent about pure foods and honest makers. They have said "don't" instead of "do," and like most destructive endeavor they have wearied the reader and often ended by hurting the good along with the bad.

The town of Westfield, Massachusetts, in working out this problem, has proved the immense superiority of the contrary policy. There, through the work of a remarkable Board of Health,—which is really a Board of *Health*, not sickness—the consuming public is furnished with a simple, handy and reliable index showing the foods which are fit to eat, instead of being warned against a few of those which are not.

Inspired by the success of this simple plan, the firms whose names are signed to this statement have united in an endeavor to place this index of nationally distributed food products, known as the Westfield Book of Pure Foods, in American homes everywhere. They plan to accomplish this through straightforward, educational appeals, to which this is preface, to tell people what they ought to know about what they eat and drink, why they should know and how they can find out.

The standards of purity on which the Westfield Book is based are not those of any manufacturer, but were arbitrarily and impartially established by the Westfield Board of Health, for the single purpose of safeguarding the health of Westfield citizens. This movement reflects the attitude of that Board—not the position of any single manufacturer.

This effort is selfish only in that it seeks to make honest business better, by encouraging the makers and sellers of *all* good foods. The men who are doing the work and paying the bills profit only as all men of their type profit—in the growth of a public ability to distinguish between good foods and bad. The campaign is not an attack on the makers of bad foods, nor on the dealers who carelessly or wilfully distribute them. It is constructive first and destructive only incidentally, although in effect it will prove the most damaging of all attacks upon the cheerful business of poisoning the public for petty profits.

The story of what Westfield has done, and how it was done, is briefly told in the following pages, reproduced from Collier's Weekly of August 26, 1911, followed by brief instructions which explain how you can reap the benefit of the work of this pure food community by sending for a copy of its book,—the Westfield Book of Pure Foods,—which the Board of Health has republished for general distribution. Aside from this public-spirited aid, however, the Board has no connection with this movement.

The names of the firms co-operating to bear the expense of this campaign are signed below, not as a bid for publicity, but simply because no detail of such a matter should be concealed from the public. The Westfield Book of Pure Foods, which they seek to distribute, lists the names of many competing houses which take no part whatever in the movement but necessarily share equally in its benefits, as every product mentioned in the book has passed exhaustive, impartial tests which conclusively prove its purity and worth.

The American Sugar Refining Co., New York.
Baker Extract Co., Springfield, Mass.
Baker Importing Co., New York.
Beechnut Packing Co., Canajoharie, N. Y.
Belle Mead Sweets, Trenton, N. J.
Dr. E. F. Brush's Kumyss, Mount Vernon, N. Y.
Clicquot Club Co., Millis, Mass.
Corn Products Refining Co., New York.
The N. K. Fairbank Co., Chicago, Ill.
F. A. Ferris & Co., New York.
H. J. Heinz Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Jones Dairy Farm, Fort Atkinson, Wis.
Kellogg Toasted Corn Flake Co., Battle Creek, Mich.
Chas. B. Knox Co., Johnstown, N. Y.
Francis H. Leggett & Co., New York.
Loose-Wiles Biscuit Co., Boston, Mass.
Minute Tapioca Co., Orange, Mass.
The Moxie Co., Boston, Mass.
The National Onion Salt Co., Chicago, Ill.
Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.
Southern Cotton Oil Co., New York.
Welch Grape Juice Co., Westfield, N. Y.

Additions to the above list will be given in the Nov. 30,
Dec. 7 and Dec. 14 issues.

**Here are
some of the
Westfield
Pure Food
Products**
**Read the three
following pages**



Westfield



QThis article was ordered by a magazine especially interested in pure foods. It involved considerable expense, as I went personally to Westfield and personally investigated the conditions. The article was rejected and scheduled for publication. Several months before it was scheduled to appear the magazine published a general article on pure food. Immediately following publication of this article the advertising department of the magazine reported the cancellation of a number of advertisements of foods. The number increased daily until twenty thousand dollars of advertising had been canceled. Much of this advertising was by well-known, reliable firms, whose only explanation was that pure-food articles were prejudicial to the buying of all kinds of prepared foods, whether honest or fraudulent. The business management of the magazine, alarmed, placed a ban upon pure-food articles. Collier's believes in constructive work in protection of the consumer, and will publish soon a list of certain products which have been shown by strict analysis to be absolutely free from anything that could possibly be considered harmful.



Professor L. B. Allyn

YOU don't know Westfield? Westfield is in Massachusetts, forty minutes out from Springfield. Now to be "forty minutes out from" anywhere usually amounts to a town conviction. "Forty minutes out from" indicates that the town is a mere hanger-on, an unallied suburb glad to connect its meager individuality with the city forty minutes away. Not so Westfield. Westfield stands sturdily upon its own record, insists upon its separate entity, and even regards its connection "forty minutes in" as sadly deficient in the real matters that pertain to cities—such as caring for their citizens. And Westfield is conscious that it merits unique honors. For its citizens can buy and will buy only food and drugs that are pure—Westfield has made it almost impossible for them to buy anything else. More than that, it has educated its citizens to a point where they are unusually intelligent as to food values, so that Westfield housekeepers not only buy pure food and pure drugs, but the food and drugs that give best value for the money.

Varnished Peanuts

ON THE main street in Westfield is a grocery shop. It is a nice, clean-looking store with boxes and cans neatly arranged, and white-sleeved, white-aproned clerks. And the proprietor is a pure-food expert.

He might grant that there is no direct harm in certain preservatives, and yet he prefers to be on the safe side.

"There's too much of a demand in this town for pure goods to carry any that have doubtful preservatives."

"No, ma'am," as he turns to a customer, "we can't sell you any of those

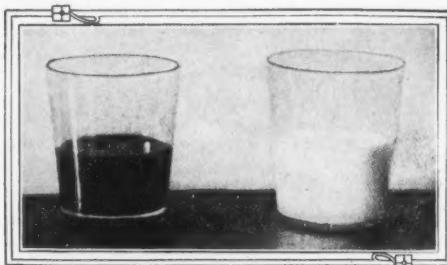


Some of the Products Which Were Analyzed and Found to Contain Harmful Ingredients

The druggists of Westfield are cooperating with the town Board of Health by refusing to sell the patent medicines and pain-killers which are known to be injurious

A Pure-Food Town

By MARGARET WAGNER



An experiment in detecting the presence of poisonous formaldehyde in milk. The dark liquid was milk preserved with formaldehyde. The other glass contained pure milk

a white dress. Interest in the department revived at once. Everybody wanted to know how to take out stains, and stains were experimented upon until the wardrobes of the students of the State Normal School at Westfield were spotless. Then Mr. Allyn taught the girls how to make flavoring extracts.

They made their own vanilla and almond and lemon flavors and sent them to the kitchen and then criticized the pies and cakes in which they were used. Then they began to dye cloth, and their wardrobes blossomed forth in many colors. By this time chemistry had become a popular subject, and when the dyeing lessons were followed by analyses of foods it became difficult to keep the pupils out of the laboratories. Professor Allyn invited the pupils to bring foods for experiments. Every article served in the school was tested, and the girls began to purchase special articles from grocery, drug, and candy shops. The results were fascinating—and startling. One girl brought a jar of her favorite brand of raspberry jam for analysis found it to contain inferior apples, colored with coal-tar dye, and flavored with ether! A delightful concoction known as a tart proved to be puff-paste made with alum, with a jelly center dyed with coal-tar!

Some of the Fakes

THREE were other discoveries. "Cream" proved to be ordinary milk evaporated to one-half its bulk.

"Vanilla" contained wood alcohol, which is not a particularly nutritious beverage.

"Pure whisky" contained burnt sugar, prunes, and tannic acid. The flavor of this delectable compound was strengthened by oil of sweet almonds, sulphuric acid, and ammonia.

"Strawberry jam" proved to be apple stock and coal-tar dye. The pupil who analyzed this compound found some apparently genuine seeds in this mixture. A bit curious, she planted and tended them carefully, and the class shared her delight when the tiny green shoots developed into hardy clover!

But perhaps the unkindest cut came in the testing of sweets. Nearly all the candy tested revealed coal-tar dyes. The laboratory became gay with cloths dyed green, yellow, blue, and pink from the delectable, toothsome bits of which the girls were so fond. And then there were serious discoveries concerning drugs. One pupil, whose mother had died suddenly and inexplicably, brought to the laboratory some headache tablets which had proved soothing to her mother on various occasions and which she had taken on the day of her death. An analysis revealed acetanilid in quantities large enough to have caused death. This discovery made a profound impression upon the girls. One by one they brought their favorite powders, pills, and tonics to the laboratory. Almost all of these showed traces of poisons that are sure to have a perniciously injurious effect. The girls at Westfield banished drugs.

The Effect of Analysis

THIS was practical chemistry, but it was the kind of chemistry that could not be confined to the classroom. The students of the school who resided in the town warned their mothers of impure products as soon as they discovered them. Grocers, confectioners, and druggists were perplexed at the sudden falling off of a demand for one kind of goods and the sudden increase in the demand for another. Moreover, the girls themselves went shopping and, proud of their new-found knowledge, expressed themselves publicly.

"Look at that woman buying the jam we analyzed in the laboratory," remarked one girl to another in a perfectly audible tone in one of the best grocery shops in town. "I'll bet if she knew that it was old apples and coal-tar dye she'd think before she'd buy it." Of course this spoiled the sale and the grocer waxed indignant. Indignation also grew among druggists, bakers, confectioners, and milk dealers. The people of Westfield were beginning to ask questions that the dealers could not answer, and, naturally, resentment against the normal school grew. Finally a number of merchants refused to supply Professor Allyn with goods. The Professor overcame this by sending the girls to make purchases for analysis, but soon even the girls found it difficult to purchase. Threatening letters began to arrive at the normal school. Drummers who came to town and failed to sell goods went back to the manufacturers declaring the school a meddlesome busybody. Then the manufacturers sent special representatives to visit and warn Mr. Allyn that he must desist.

Ending the Craze for Lollipops

JUST at this time the lollipop craze struck Westfield. The bright-colored balls proved irresistible even to dignified normal students and lollipops were devoured by thousands. Then Mr. Allyn brought lollipops into the laboratory. He chose the brightest and most attractive, and the horror-stricken girls extracted enough poisonous dyes to make the school one of total abstinence as far as lollipops were concerned. Mr. Allyn made his results public, and lollipop buying in Westfield suddenly ceased, while the manufacturers sent more threatening letters.

But the hostile feeling in the town actually hampered the school work. Goods for experiment had to be obtained surreptitiously, which was inconvenient. So a number of grocers were invited to the school to inspect the work. Eight grocers came. They looked curiously at the banners of gorgeous colors dyed with coal-tar from food products, and inspected with a good deal of interest the food museum. The museum occupies a corridor near the laboratory. It consists of tall glass cases in which the foods, pure and impure, are placed. On one side appears, first, a bottle of Heinz catsup, labeled "Pure," and directly opposite, an equally attractive bottle of "catsup" is labeled: "Stewed pumpkin colored with coal-tar and preserved with benzoic acid." Then come various brands of canned goods—peas, beans, etc. On the other side the well-known pure brands—Francis Leggett, White Rose, and the American Dehydrated Company's products are prominent. On the other are various brands of "French peas, beans, and spinach,"



"All Wool"
The small bunches indicate the actual amount of wool taken from the samples

labeled: "Colored with copper sulphate." Pure olive oil faces a decoction of cottonseed oil, peanut oil, poppy seed, corn, and sesame oils, also labeled by the manufacturer "pure olive." Pure coffee looks across at a package labeled "20 per cent chicory." Pure tea confronts tea that is faced with graphite.

The grocers returned to their shops interested but puzzled. Then one enterprising man tried an experiment. He rearranged his stock, putting all the approved foods to the front. When his customers appeared he recommended the brands.

"I've just been up at the normal school, madam," he asserted, "and these brands are there in the museum labeled 'pure.' You can see for yourself." In twenty-four hours he found his sales increased so that he was confident that fighting the normal school had been a mistake. The other men were quick to follow his example. Then one man went a step farther. He assured his customers that he would not sell any goods unless they first had been approved by the school. He instructed the drummers who asked for his trade that if they would send samples to the normal school and those samples were approved he would buy. The drummers sent samples promptly and the normal school laboratory began to be a very busy place.

The girls were trained to be exceedingly careful. Every experiment was reported and signed by the student making it, and, realizing how far-reaching an error might be, the girls patiently went over results again and again to be sure. They found adulterations



Catsup Dye
Coal-tar dye in a bottle of catsup colored a white cloth a bright red. What would it do to the stomach?

The photograph on the right shows a coffee test. To a glass tumbler three-quarters full of ice-water a teaspoonful of the finely ground coffee is added and stirred in thoroughly. Pure coffee contains a large quantity of oil which causes it to float, while its common adulterants and substitutes, chicory, roasted cereals, legumes, etc., will sink, forming muddy liquid

were divided into two kinds. The first is the fraudulent adulteration, which lowers the value of the article but which does not affect the health of the consumer. Coffee adulterated with chicory is a good example of this kind. Chicory is harmless—indeed, many coffee drinkers prefer it to coffee—but no housekeeper wants to pay the price of coffee for chicory, as chicory is very much cheaper. Injurious adulteration means not only the lowering of the value of the article but actual injury to the consumer.

Deadly Crème de Menthe

EVEN where experts disagree about the amount of preservatives necessary to cause direct injury, they are in general agreement that the use of such preservatives permits the use of goods which are, in plain language, rotten. Of the groceries tested in the laboratory, one of the most frequently adulterated is baking-powder. So little baking-powder is used in some homes that this product would seem comparatively unimportant. But a great deal of baking-powder is used in the bought cake and biscuits, and a great deal of this is adulterated. The adulteration may be by ammonia, which is fraudulent but not injurious, or by alum, which is decidedly injurious, as it hardens the tissues of the mucous mem-

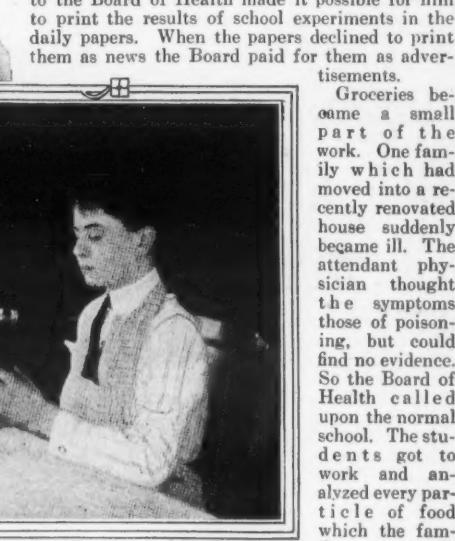
branes. Jams, jellies, catsups, confections, gelatin, dessert powders, flavoring extracts are often colored with coal-tar dyes. These dyes are sometimes harmless, but very frequently injurious, depending on the particular combination. There is one bottle of crème de menthe at the normal school which contains a coal-tar dye sufficiently poisonous to have killed two people. The bottle is almost full, but the small amount used caused the death of a man and his wife, and then the product was sent for analysis. Extracts are also adulterated with wood alcohol, and with turmeric, a fraudulent adulterant.

Adulterating Dairy Products

EGGS and butter were found to be frequently adulterated. Eggs in the shell suffered no more than indefinite detention in cold storage, but eggs sold by the barrel to bakers are not in the shell. These are often bad eggs to which formaldehyde has been applied to kill the taste and odor. This horrible mess of putrefaction and poison comes forth as delicious cakes. And creamery or dairy butter is renovated and kept sweet by the same means. When the grocer has held butter until it is too rank to be sold, he ships it back to a manufacturer. It is steamed; new milk is added, and then it is rechurned, colored, well seasoned with some preservative, and returned to the grocer to be labeled "Fresh Dairy Butter." Cooking butter is frequently renovated.

Jellies, jams, catsups, and all the products which are adulterated with coal-tar dyes are subject to further adulteration through preservatives.

Canned meats and sausage, etc., were quite frequently found to contain preservatives. In every case the exact preservative used was discussed and an opinion expressed on the question of harmfulness. Whatever was discovered was faithfully reported back to the grocers, and the grocers rose to the occasion. They held a meeting and signed an agreement to stand by the work of the normal school, to make a fight for pure food, and to ask the Board of Health of Westfield to help them. The people of Westfield responded to that request by making Mr. Allyn a member of the Board of Health. Thereafter he was no longer a meddler, but an official. This made the work at the school far more important. The normal school became the town laboratory. There was no difficulty about the interest in chemistry. Students came before and after hours to experiment. Mr. Allyn's appointment to the Board of Health made it possible for him to print the results of school experiments in the daily papers. When the papers declined to print them as news the Board paid for them as advertisements.



Groceries became a small part of the work. One family which had moved into a recently renovated house suddenly became ill. The attendant physician thought the symptoms those of poisoning, but could find no evidence. So the Board of Health called upon the normal school. The students got to work and analyzed every particle of food which the family consumed, but without result. Finally they started on the wall-papers. In a gilt paper which decorated the dining-room they found arsenic, one and one-half grains to the square yard, an appalling quantity. The landlord took off the offending wall-paper and the family recovered. But the people of Westfield had become suspicious of wall-papers. One dealer complained that one of his prettiest patterns would not sell because the folks were afraid of arsenic. The paper was green and gilt, as the condemned paper had been, and Westfield refused to buy. Finally the dealer sent the paper to the normal school. The school found it harmless; the Board of Health published the fact, and the dealer has sent all his samples to the school to be tested ever since.

Merchants were not long in discovering that the normal school experiments did them more good than harm. One woman who was a confirmed user of some anti-pain pills was warned by her physician to discontinue their use. Believing that the physician wanted to secure her continued visits and make the profit upon her illness himself, she continued the pills, but sent some to the normal school for analysis. She was seriously ill before the analysis was made, and when it came with an imperative warning, she at once stopped the pills. The normal school could

Westfield—A Pure-Food Town

(Concluded from page 14)

have no possible object in deceiving her, and she trusted its verdict more than that of her physician.

A young woman who is a resident of Springfield, "forty minutes in," was partially paralyzed shortly after she had taken a dose of salts prepared for her by a local druggist.

She insisted that she had been poisoned, and her physician sent the salts to the normal school. They proved absolutely harmless, and the Springfield drug clerk evidenced his appreciation of an honest analysis by sending quantities of samples to be analyzed at Westfield.

Adulterated Liquors

SALOON-KEEPSERS and liquor dealers also began to send their products to the school. This aroused some slight protest among the temperance folk, as the town permits the sale of liquors while it deems the town's duty to see that those liquors are pure. Certainly if pure whisky is had for man, what can be said for whisky that is composed of linseed oil, ammonia, and sulphuric acid? Old England rum was found to be a mixture of ether, essence of smoke, and sulphuric acid, without a trace of molasses. Samples of beer proved to contain salicylic acid. Ginger brandy was guiltless of ginger or brandy. It contained 28.59 per cent of alcohol and was colored with coal-tar dye. The extent of adulteration in strong liquors can be estimated when in a single year out of one hundred and eight samples of whisky submitted just two pure brands were found. Wood alcohol was frequently an adulterant. It is stated that in two years of medical investigation four hundred cases of blindness were traced to wood alcohol, and still laboratory analysis revealed an extensive use of wood alcohol in bay rum, witch-hazel, Jamaica ginger, paregoric, and soothing syrups. These revelations had a decided effect upon the drug stores of Westfield. But the druggists were soon converted to the school methods.

"Bless you," remarked one of the most successful druggists, "the school and the Professor don't hurt trade any. For my part, I'm glad they hit the trade, for they are putting an end to dope fiends. I used to sell the poor things powders and pills that I was suspicious of, but didn't actually know had dope in them, and now I've sent them all to the Professor, and there isn't a bit of cocaine in this shop."

This druggist has a window exhibit every year in which he places approved and condemned drugs. He boldly labels a brand of paregoric with a card bearing the words: "Wood alcohol in this—not good for baby!" and enjoys the sensation it produces.

Then the normal school began to experiment upon the milk served to the people of Westfield. They found a good many things the matter with Westfield milk. Sometimes it was watered; sometimes it was colored with annatto. Annatto is a vegetable dye that is harmless. It makes skim milk have the rich yellow color supposed to be peculiar to milk that is rich in cream. Sometimes coal-tar dyes were used to color the milk. And, worst of all, milk was found preserved with formaldehyde and boric acid. Professor Allyn kept a specimen of milk preserved by formaldehyde for eight years and it is still sweet. Yet its use in any quantity has the most serious effects. The milk dealers fell into line with the grocers and druggists and started a campaign for better things.

Then the butchers began to yearn for the seal of approval. It is rare to find any preservative in fresh meats, but there was danger of diseased meat, so the Westfield butchers made a practise of sending the glands of animals to the school. These were tested for tuberculosis and other diseases, and promptly reported. The butchers warned the stockmen of the tests to come and Westfield began to get clean meat.

A Fighting Baker

THE last of the tradesmen to yield were the bakers. Professor Allyn found wood alcohol in one baker's products, particularly in his ice-cream. He warned the baker, but the baker persisted. Then he wrote a newspaper article condemning the baker's products. The baker sued Mr. Allyn, claiming that he had damaged his business. A Springfield jury, "forty minutes in," awarded the user of wood alcohol \$1,000. The town of Westfield promptly made Mr. Allyn town chemist, with a salary sufficient to more than pay the fine, and the baker, boycotted by public sentiment, went into bankruptcy. The fine helped him to recover, but, although he still makes a pretense at business, his trade is ruined.

But the education of the people of Westfield did not stop with adulterants. Daily the students of the normal school work out tables as to relative values of food. For instance, not long ago they purchased samples of all the ice-cream sold in the town.

Analysis revealed fat contents varying from eight to twenty-six per cent. The table was placed on the blackboard of the school and read by visiting housekeepers. The eighteen cent man was forced out of business as a result, while the dealer supplying him with twenty-six per cent cream is continuing to do well. An increase in business. Westfield housekeepers can compute whether a can of Van Houten's cocoa is more expensive than forty cents than a pound of the "Purity" cocoa which costs only nine cents. Laboratory analysis shows that Van Houten's has just two and one-half times as much real cocoa as the Purity, and that therefore the pound of the former at forty cents is actually cheaper. And the Westfield housekeepers will patronize only those firms which are helping in the pure-food fight.

"Why, they're returning goods that in themselves are O.K.," grumbled one grocer, "just because they're packed by a firm that uses preservative in its catsup. The other goods are free from preservative, and the catsup has an honest label, but the women declare that the firm is not fighting for pure food and they won't use any of the stuff. It's good stuff, too, but I guess I can't order any more."

The Chamber of Horrors

TO assist housekeepers who may not find it convenient to go to the normal school, the Board of Health has established a museum of its own right in the center of town. This museum has room only for condemned goods, and eager housekeepers search its shelves for information as to doubtful products. More than that, the Board of Health will send to the school any brand which any housekeeper wants analyzed and satisfy her as to its purity.

The work has not stopped with Westfield. The girls who have graduated from the normal school have carried the work into the graded schools throughout the State. Even little children can appreciate some of the simpler experiments, and seventh and eighth grade boys and girls are quite capable of testing many of the foods in their own homes. Samples of goods sent in from neighboring towns—from Springfield, Hartford, Holyoke, Chicopee, and Northampton—are never refused, but carefully analyzed and reported upon. Goods have even arrived from far-away States, and in these cases the normal school has assumed double duty. If the goods are found defective, a report is at once sent to the sender, and also to the State food inspector. Mr. Allyn has also maintained a close connection with the Federal inspector in Washington, and frequently sends him reports upon goods which are sold throughout the country.

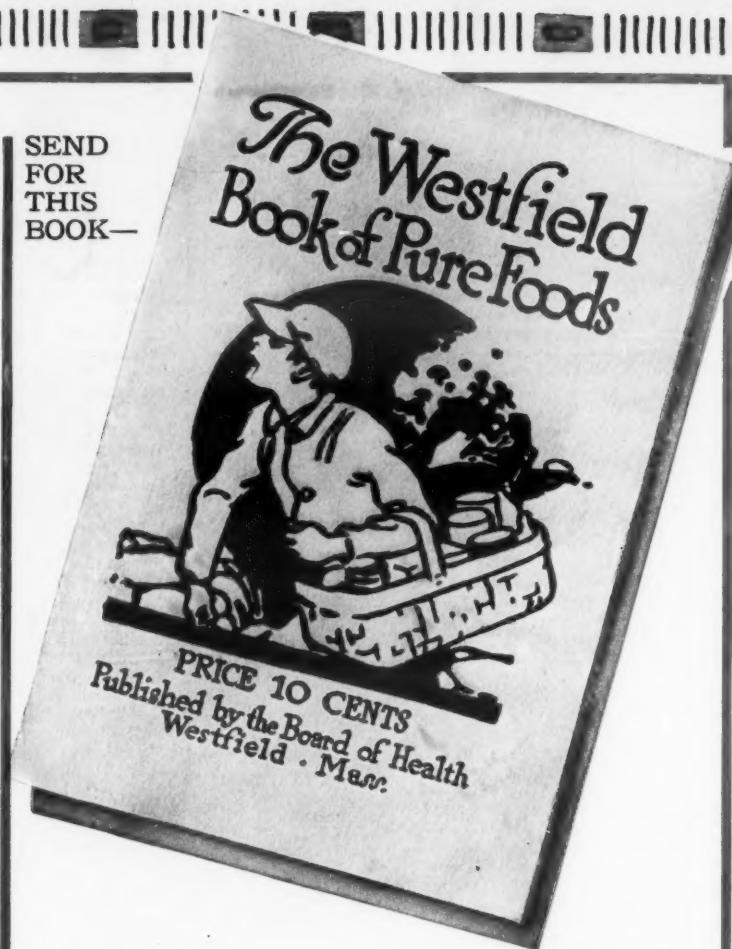
During nine years of experiment Westfield has analyzed twenty thousand samples of foods and drugs. Mr. Allyn has kept careful records of all the work, and the normal school to-day is a vast storehouse of useful knowledge which has been acquired by making chemistry practical and interesting. And Westfield, "forty minutes out," has used that knowledge to demonstrate that where public sentiment wills there can be a Pure-Food Town.

"How Westfield Worked Out the Food Problem"—a sequel to the article reprinted above, will appear in Collier's Weekly for November 30th—and is the second of a long series of educational food bulletins.

Get this and following issues that you may benefit by this constructive campaign for better foods—and more of them.

SEND THIS COUPON TODAY. It's a "short cut" to a certified food supply for you and your family.

SEND
FOR
THIS
BOOK—



IT IS AN INDEX OF PURE FOODS

The Westfield Book of Pure Foods gives you the net results of over 20,000 exhaustive tests by a disinterested authority, summed up in the shape of a handy, compact index of food products which have been proven clean, pure and wholesome.

With the Westfield Book hung in your kitchen you can be thoroughly sure that what your Grocer sells you is fit for your use.

IT LEAVES NO ROOM FOR DOUBT—and as the book lists 117 distinct classes of food products—under many brands—carefully indexed—there is slight chance of your Grocer being unable to supply you with one or more of the brands listed under each heading.

If he cannot, it is certainly high time that you knew it—and that he knew it. But the book tells him where he can buy any or all of these tested products—and if you want them—he'll get them.

FOLLOW THE BOOK AND YOU ARE SAFE—GUESS AT YOUR FOODS AND YOU CANNOT BE.

Of course this book does not list every pure food made, although it covers nearly all food products nationally distributed by the grocery trade. Many meritorious products with limited or purely local distribution, may not have been analyzed in the Westfield Laboratories. Products mentioned in The Westfield Book of Pure Foods are definitely known to be fit for you and your family—products not mentioned—*may be*—or may not.

It would be unfair to assess the cost of printing and mailing this new edition of The Westfield Book of Pure Foods on the citizens of Westfield, who have already done more than their share toward the common good.

The Board of Health has, therefore, fixed a nominal price of ten cents on each copy which just about covers its cost and mailing.

INSURE YOUR HEALTH—AND YOUR CHILDREN'S—by filling out the coupon below—sending it with ten cents in stamps or silver to The Board of Health, Westfield, Mass.

Isn't it worth many times this trivial sum to know that you can distinguish between good foods—and bad?

TEAR OFF THE CORNER OF THIS PAGE

BOARD OF HEALTH, WESTFIELD, MASS.

Enclosed find 10 cents in stamps or silver, for which send me the Westfield Book of Pure Foods.

Name.....

Street.....

Post Office.....

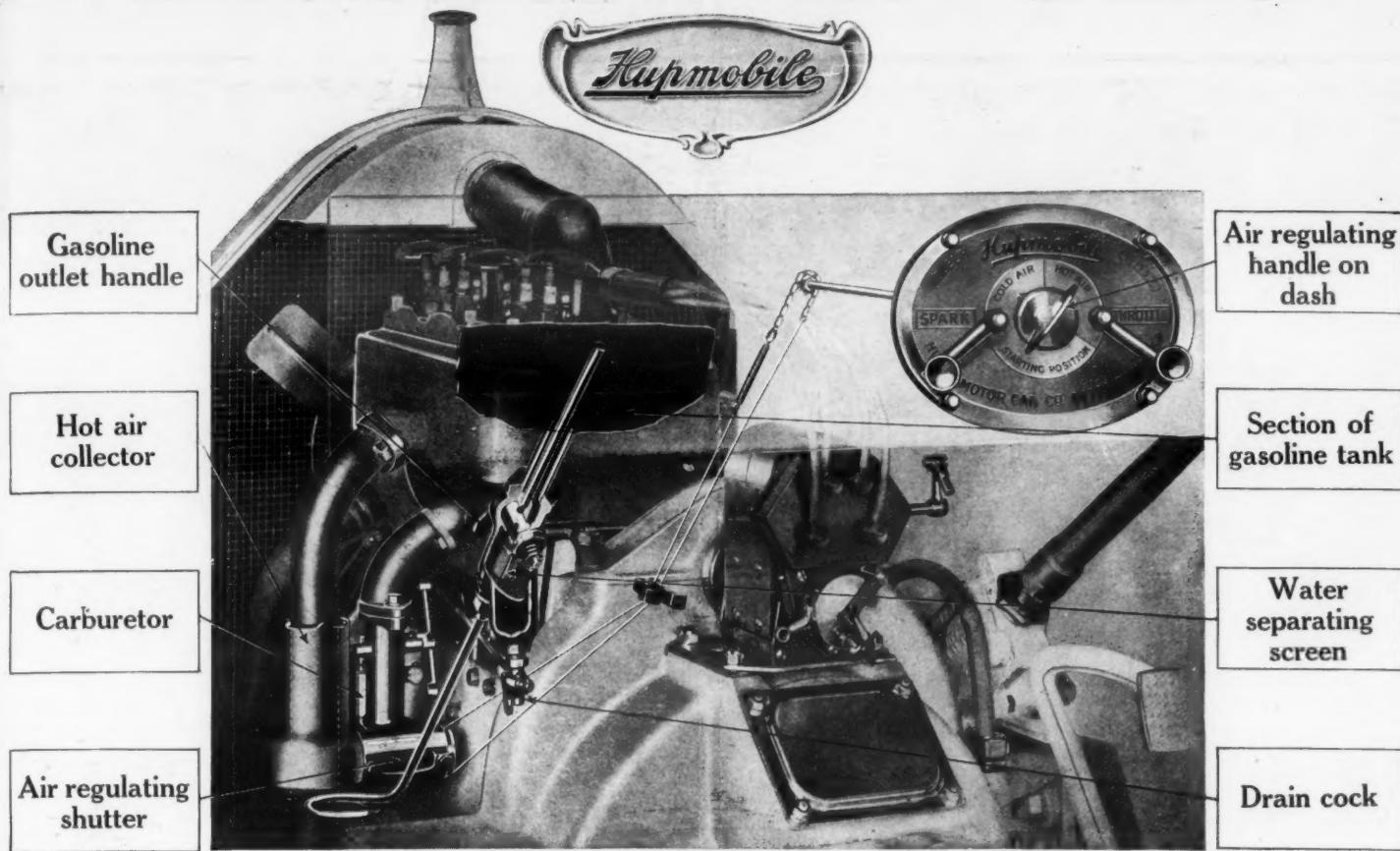
My Grocer is

Name.....

Address.....

Some of the Trade-Marked Foods used in my home:

Are you in sympathy with Collier's fight for Pure Food?



How this Self-Priming Device makes cold-weather starting easy

The Hupmobile gasoline system—pictured above and explained in the text—shows many distinctive features of motoring convenience that are well worth your notice.

Study especially the hot-air control and self-priming device.

By these you are enabled to start your motor in cold weather almost as easily as you do in summer.

This device, together with the direct fuel feed; the gasoline cleansing screen; the emergency supply; go to make a system as complete as engineering skill can accomplish.

We lay stress on it here because it is characteristic of the thoughtful and painstaking skill in designing that is evident in every detail of Hupmobile construction.

It is but one of many instances we can show you to justify our belief that the Hupmobile is, in its class, the best car in the world.

HUPP MOTOR CAR COMPANY, 1230 Milwaukee Avenue, DETROIT, MICH.

Hupmobile "32" Touring Car, fully equipped, \$975

F. O. B. Detroit, including equipment of windshield, mohair top with envelope, Jiffy curtains, quick detachable rims, rear shock absorber, gas headlights, Prest-o-lite tank, oil lamps, tools and horn. Three speeds

forward and reverse sliding gears. Four cylinder motor, 3½-inch bore and 5½-inch stroke; wheelbase 106 inches; 32x3½-inch tires. Standard color, black. Trimmings, black and nickel.

"32" Roadster, fully equipped,	\$975 F. O. B. Detroit
"32" Delivery, fully equipped,	\$950 F. O. B. Detroit
"20" H. P. Runabout, fully equipped,	\$750 F. O. B. Detroit

How the Automatic Primer Operates

Gasoline motors need a heavy charge of gasoline to start them in cold weather.

Generally this is obtained by flooding the carburetor. Or, when still more gasoline is needed, by injecting it directly into the cylinders through the relief cocks.

We have done away with both of these troublesome methods by supplying the Hupmobile carburetor with an automatic primer.

The air supply to the carburetor is controlled by a shutter, operated by a handle conveniently placed on the dash.

By turning this handle the quantity and temperature of the air passing through the carburetor can be regulated.

For starting in cold weather the air shutter is nearly closed and a mixture very "rich" in gasoline is drawn into the cylinders.

This comes from the carburetor

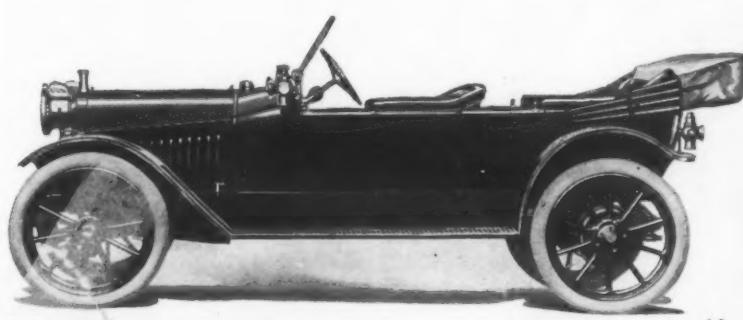
nozzle as a very fine spray, making it easier for the spark to explode than in the case of ordinary priming with liquid gasoline.

All air passing into the carburetor at starting is drawn through the hot air collector and heated by the exhaust pipe, so that the engine gets under way almost as quickly and smoothly as under more favorable weather conditions.

Another advantage of the Hupmobile gasoline supply is the location of the tank under the dash shroud, so that gasoline is positively fed to the carburetor by gravity, whether on the level or hill.

On its way to the carburetor, the gasoline passes through a screen so fine that the water and dirt are separated from it.

Just below the screen is a valve, operated by the gasoline outlet handle, which can be set to keep one gallon of gasoline in reserve for an emergency.





Between Friends—

A KODAK

Of all the gifts that fit the Christmas day, none so timely as the one that provides the means for keeping a picture story of that day—a Kodak.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.,

Catalogue free at
your dealers or by mail.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.